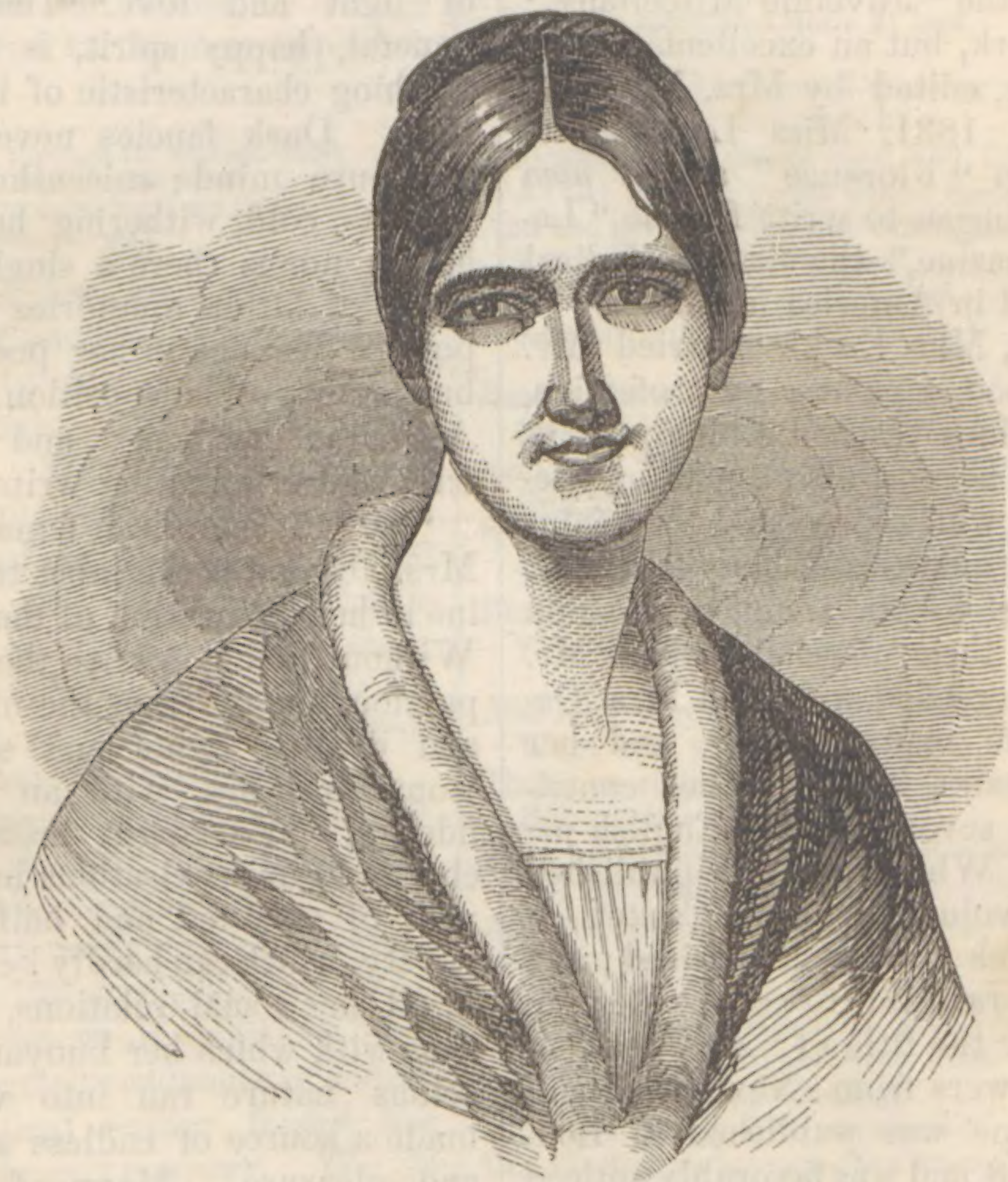


THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD, one of the most gifted daughters of song America has produced, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, about the year 1812. Her father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a merchant, and her mother a woman of cultivated taste; both parents encouraged and aided the education of their children. They were a talented family; but no other one had the genius with which Frances was endowed. Her poetical faculty was an endowment of nature, not an acquired art; nor in our research

through the annals of female genius have we found another instance, among the Anglo-Saxon race, of the true improvisatrice, such as Mrs. Osgood certainly was.

Mrs. Hemans studied her art *passionately*, and profited greatly by her learning; Miss Landon had motives, encouragements and facilities, which carried her onward in her literary career. But Mrs. Osgood never required study or encouragement; she poured out her strains as the birds carol, because her heart was filled with

song, and must have utterance. Her first specimens of poetry were almost as perfect, in what are called the rules of the art, as her later productions. Rhyme, and the harmonies of language, came to her as intuitively as the warm emotions of her heart, or the bright fancies of her imagination.

Her first printed productions appeared in the "Juvenile Miscellany," a little work, but an excellent one for the young, edited by Mrs. Maria L. Child. In 1831, Miss Locke, who had chosen "Florence" as her *nom de plume*, began to write for the "Ladies' Magazine," the first periodical established in America for ladies.

In 1835, Miss Locke married Mr. S. S. Osgood, a painter by profession, who has since reached a high rank as an artist; he was also a man of literary taste, who appreciated the genius and lovely qualities of his gifted wife. The young couple went to London soon after their marriage, where Mr. Osgood succeeded well, and Mrs. Osgood made many friends, and her talents became known by her contributions to several of the English periodicals. While there, she published a small volume, "The Casket of Fate," which was much admired; and she was persuaded to collect her poems, under the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." This volume was published in London, in 1838, and was favorably noticed by several of the leading journals in that metropolis.

In 1840, after an absence of more than four years, Mr. Osgood returned to Boston with his wife and their little daughter Ellen, (the pet of many poems,) and opened a studio in that city. Mrs. Osgood devoted her leisure to literary pursuits, and prepared several works—"The Poetry of Flowers, and the Flowers of Poetry," and "The Floral Offering," besides contributing to nearly all the literary magazines and the annuals of every season. She often wrote in prose, because prose was required. Many of her sketches and

stories are charming, from their playful vivacity and fanciful descriptions; yet the poetical spirit, always predominating, shows that she would gladly have rhymed the article, had she been permitted. Poetry was, in truth, her native language; on the wing of versification she moved gracefully as a bird, and always in a region of light and love. This healthy, hopeful, happy spirit, is the distinguishing characteristic of her productions. Dark fancies never haunted her pure mind; misanthropy never laid its cold, withering hand on her heart; nor is there a single manifestation of bitter memories and disappointed feelings in her poems. This buoyancy of disposition was her American heritage; and we agree with a discriminating writer,* that,

"Of all American female authors, Mrs. Osgood is the most truly feminine in her delineation of the affections. Without rising ever to the dignity of passion, she portrays the more tender and delicate lights and shadows of woman's heart, with an instinctive fidelity. We might instance some charming improvisations in a peculiar vein of subdued and half-capricious gayety, which can hardly be surpassed. In all her social relations, the readiness with which her buoyant and vivacious nature ran into verse, was made a source of endless amusement and pleasure. Many of her most sprightly and graceful poems were produced in this manner, with no other object than the temporary gratification of her friends, and thrown aside and forgotten."

That with such a cheerful, kind, affectionate genius, as well as heart, Mrs. Osgood should have been tenderly beloved by her own family and familiar friends, would be expected; but she had made thousands of friends who never looked on her pleasant face; and when the tidings of her death went forth, she was mourned as a light withdrawn from many a home

* In the New York Tribune.

where her rhymed lessons had added a charm to household affections, and made more beautiful the lot of woman. Mrs. Osgood had resided for several years in the city of New York, and there she died, May 12th, 1850, of pulmonary consumption, enduring her wasting disease with sweet patience, even playful cheerfulness. The last stanza she wrote, or rather rhymed, alluded to the near approach of her fate:

"I'm going through th' Eternal Gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go."

She died a few days after, being yet young for one who had written so much—hardly thirty-eight. Two of her three daughters survive her irreparable loss. Her husband returned from California to watch over her last months of sickness, but he could not save her. She was a devoted wife and mother, as lovely in her daily life as in her poems. The paper we have already quoted, gives this true summary of her literary character:

"As a writer, Mrs. Osgood enjoyed, while living, the full measure of her fame. The characteristic beauties of her poems were very generally appreciated, while the careless freedom of her words were so interwoven with subtle and exquisite cadences of sound, that the critical reader forgot her want of constructive power. We do not think that more severe study would have enabled her to accomplish better or more lasting things. Her nature found its appropriate expression, and any reaching after the higher forms of poetry, would have checked that child-like spirit which was its greatest charm. Some of our present female writers may be awarded loftier honors, but no one, we think, will win a wider circle of friends, or leave behind a more cherished memory."—

Woman's Record.

A TRULY great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.

A BALLAD OF THE RUSSIAN WAR.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

THERE sat by an English fireside
As bonny and brave a lad,
As ever looked with a filial pride
On a mother's silvery head;
The mother sat in an oaken chair,
With her fingers flying fast
In a circle of maternal care,
Till her work was done at last.

And she laid the two soft stockings warm
On her gentle Johnny's knee,
And said, "God shield thee, boy, from harm,
As thy mother would shield thee;"
And the grief she'd kept within her soul
For many a long, sad day,
Began adown her cheeks to roll
As only a mother's may.

Her only son to his noble heart
Clasped his mother's trembling form,
And said, "My mother, can we part?
God keep thee, too, from harm!"
'T was long since the tears had dared bedew
The eyes of the brave young lad,
But their fountains now would overflow,
That his mother was so sad.

And long they wept by the fireside there,—
Wept with a passion wild,
That a sacriligious power should dare
Rob mother of only child.
They sat a weeping their tender love
Till the swift small hours were fled,
And the stars were dim in the sky above —
When the last good-bye was said.

Away, away o'er the deep, green sea,
Rode the gallant ship that bore
The pride of many a family,
To the bloody Crimean shore;
But the boy as brave as the bravest there,
Yearned much for his English home,
And the mother who sat in her oaken chair
By the fireside all alone.

He gazed o'er the rolling depths between
Himself and his fatherland,
And wondered when on the village green
At his mother's door he'd stand;
He smiled, for he thought it might be soon;
His heart with its hope beat high —
Alas! he was going away alone
In a stranger land to die.

* * * * * the plain
Where the death-storm rattled o'er,
And flowed the deep, red life,
The brave young Englishman was seen
Engaged in mortal strife;
And then on the damp, damp earth he lay,
All bathed in crimson gore,
And thought of the loved one far away
He never might see more.

For the tide of life was ebbing fast
From the gaping wound he bore,
And he knew that he soon should breathe
his last

On the bloody Crimean shore.
"My mother!" he cried, "God pity thee,
When my comrades brave go home,
All crowned with wreaths of victory,
And thy Johnny does not come!"

"God pity thee, when they tell thee where
I am resting beneath the sod —
May they tell thee, too, a dying prayer
Arose to my mother's God!"

He ceased, and softly the breath of life
Stole out from the pale, cold clay,
And a beauteous form on the field of strife
In the arms of the Death-king lay.

And the mother — God *did* pity her,
For He let her weep to rest,
When the dread suspense of hope and fear
Was over within her breast.
Her life went out like a melting star,
For across the deep, wide main,
Her Johnny went to the Russian war,
And never came back again.
GRANDVILLE, MICH.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY ISABELLA SHELDEN.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. SARAH STOWER.

'T WAS autumn in this vale of tears,
When a sweet gift from the skies —
A cherub babe 'mid hope and fears,
First op'd her starry eyes;
She came like the morning sun, to bring
To the earth a cheering ray;
And the mother smiled as the helpless thing
In her bosom nestling lay.

A mine of wealth was that angel girl,
A treasure rich and rare;
To the mother's eyes no gem or pearl
So beautiful and fair;
Sweet as the dew which the hum'bird sips,
Was this love-light in her eyes,
And the first soft words from her ruby lips
Were like music from the skies.

And day by day as she grew more fair,
The mother's love grew strong;
She lost for a time all thoughts of care,
As light feet tripped along;
She watched to see, with a mother's pride,
Each bud of promise bloom,
Nor deemed the loved one at her side
Fast ripening for the tomb.

But a somber cloud its shadow threw
O'er hopes but now so fair,
And the mother felt she must bid adieu
To the darling of her care;

The treasure hers for three short years
Was only lent, not given,
Nor mother's love, nor prayers, nor tears,
Could stay its flight to heaven.

And the lonely mother's tears fall fast,
Her bright hopes blasted seem,
And she almost feels that the joyous past
Was a bright and happy dream;
But the angels of Faith, and Hope, and Love
Point to the blissful time,
When she'll join that babe in the world above
In the light of that heavenly clime.
WILLSBOROUGH, N. Y.

HYMN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

OH, Lord, incline Thy gracious ear —
My meek oblation deign to hear!
I thank Thee for my life and health,
For comfort, though I have not wealth.

Accept my fervent gratitude
For all my visions rosy-hued;
For reason, friends, and quiet home,
Where strife and passion never come.

If I have not the radiant glow —
The joy of many here below,
I think of others far less blest,
And vain repinings sink to rest.

I look upon the rich man's sky —
The same soft azure meets my eye;
The same sweet air steals through my door —
The sunlight blesses rich and poor.

Then why complain? if I've not fame,
I own an honorable name;
And through my life, Lord, let me hold
To truth and virtue, not to gold!

When chill misfortune comes this way,
And hangs my life with somber gray,
I do not feel my fate to curse,
For I am thankful 't is no worse.

Oh God, be with me; keep me true!
The dark sky only *hides* the blue!
And by-and-by the heavenly light
Shall sweep all shadows from our sight.
FARMINGTON, N. H.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

FOR AN ALBUM.

THERE clusters many a memory
Of thought, a sacred mine,
Round the little town of Bingen —
Of Bingen on the Rhine.

And so when years have vanished,
This book shall be a mine
Of memory — just like Bingen,
The city on the Rhine.

A MEMORY.

BY MISS MARY A. RIPLEY.

THE tender green of the spring was thrown
Over the hill-side and over the tree —
In my little dark room I sat alone,
With a white-browed terror haunting me.

The castle glowed on the mountain-steep,
As the clinging wall-flower shook its
blooms ;
And beyond the church where the willows
weep,
White crosses hallowed the silent tombs.

Out in the lake the gray tower stood —
The shadows deep in the waters fell ;
And the water-fowl with her yellow brood,
Silently passed with the gentle swell.

Out in the lake the white sail hung
Loosely upon the slender mast,
And the careless peasants gayly sung —
Why was my heart so overcast ?

Down in her cradle my sweet child lay,
Slept so soundly she woke no more ;
Under the sky of a southern May,
We buried her there on the lakelet's shore.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in His time."

THE face of earth is beautiful,
And the broad, blue arch above,
With its many orbs so brilliant,
All beaming out in love ;
And beautiful the sunrise,
With its varied hues so bright,
And the mellow tints at evening,
As sinks day's gorgeous light.

The flowers — the flowers are beautiful,
Upspringing everywhere,
With their many forms and colors,
So rich, and sweet, and fair ;
And the earth's choice velvet carpet
Is grateful to the eye,
And the forest trees — how beautiful !
All towering to the sky.

There's beauty in the streamlet
As it dances on its way ;
How merrily its ripples
In the bright sunbeams play !
And the mossy banks, how lovely
Their shadows in the stream,
Awak'ning sacred pleasure,
Like memory's hallowed dream.

Ay, all His works are beautiful,
Around, beneath, above ;
And 't is written as with sunbeams
On each, that GOD IS LOVE !

Then while the heart rejoiceth
In the beauties of our earth,
Let fervent praise be rendered
To Him who gave them birth.

SYMMETRY OF CHARACTER.

BY MARY DERRING.

IN every department of Art and Nature, the harmony and beauty of the whole depend upon the proportions which the several parts bear to each other.

We admire the stately tree whose every limb seems fashioned after the most perfect model, lifting its crested top free and untrammelled to the skies, and proudly wearing its green coronal as if exulting in the consciousness of its beauty and strength. In close proximity with this, stands another which excites in us feelings akin to pain.

We wonder that it could have been nourished by the same dews, that it could have drank in the warmth of the same sunshine with the other, and yet be so deformed. The other's grandeur seems heightened by its unsightliness. Not less so is it with man. There is a moral beauty in character, arising from a due proportion of the several parts that gives a deeper, holier pleasure than can spring from beholding mere outward beauty ; and such a character seems all the more beautiful when contrasted with one wanting in some of its elements, or in which the predominance of some blights or warps the growth of others.

A statue, the masterpiece of the creative genius which gave it birth, is before us. It is the nearest approach to the living creation of which man is capable. We linger as the eye takes in the loveliness of perfection, which, emanating from, seems to rest softly like a cloud of incense upon it. Perhaps the artist had a higher, a nobler aim than merely to embody an idea of the beautiful. It may be that it speaks to us of moral truths, that the simple trust, the holy

quiet, and the purified expression which pervades it, awakens in us a yearning after better things than we have yet known, and resolves that may yet ripen into glorious action. Years of mental toil were devoted to the conception of the work, and years of physical labor given to its accomplishment.

The eye of the artist saw it hidden in the marble, from which the cunning hand of the workman alone could bring it forth. What perseverance, what care, what nicety of touch were necessary to make it what the finely-wrought fancy had conceived! Parallel with the idea of beauty, runs that of adaptation, and in all our efforts to embody the former, the latter holds a prominent place. Symmetry is the soul of beauty, and where this is wanting, nothing can supply the defect.

And is all this care, this discrimination of the architect necessary only in the fashioning of the materially beautiful? Do men acknowledge this need of perfect adaptation in the parts that they make a glorious whole, and yet make no effort to conform their own selves to the standard? Alas! that this should be so often the case. The soul, that emanation from the Eternal, intrusted to our care by the great Father of Spirits, too often bears stamped upon it the marks of neglect or ill-directed cultivation; while the outer appearance is more or less beautiful as the conformity is more or less perfect, and while we labor to remedy or conceal defects in it, our inner self unheeded ceases to develop, or urged by hot-bed influences, becomes an unsightly thing; its one faculty of rank growth throwing a blighting shade over all the rest. If the many malformations and one-sided developments which we meet in every-day life strike us less forcibly than outward deformity, it must be that we prize beauty of form more highly than that of soul.

In this so called Practical Age, when the chinking of the dollar makes

the music which the many love to hear, when the road to wealth and station lies too often through the tangled mazes of intrigue and subtlety, and when success is made to depend more upon cunning than the justice of the cause, small heed is given to the cultivation of faculties, save those that can be pressed into the contest and made available in the issue. And yet in the development of all lies the surest safeguard against the Protean monster Wrong, come in what shape he may. Little safety would be felt on board a ship capable of bearing up against a storm from one direction only; yet the tempests which try men's souls blow from all points, and he who is not equally defended on all sides, is but illy fitted for the stern buffeting of the life-voyage.

We need less of educating (taken in the popular acceptation of the term,) and more of training to enable us to breast the strong current of active existence. "Education at best but furnishes a starting point from which to leap into the tide; once in, we are kept afloat only by doing battle right manfully with the waves." The demands of the earnest American present are for prompt, ready action, for characters supported on every side, not tossed hither and thither by the frail breezes of the passing moment, nor yet immutably bound to one little spot of anchorage—shut out from the open sea beyond. Never was there more call for men, and for women, too, of strong, earnest, well-balanced, deep-thoughted souls, than now. The struggle for the mastery between the old and new, between might and right, the clash of contending social opinions and the din of party strife—these make it necessary that the mind which would sit in judgment on these questions, should be capable of viewing them in their true light, giving to each due deference.

Let us then look at some of the constituents which a character of perfect symmetry, turning neither to the

right nor the left, should possess. First among these, stands honesty of purpose, the key-stone of the arch on which must rest the superstructure; before this, all other qualities pale into insignificance. To feel that so far as intent is concerned, you have been true to God, to man, and you to yourself, is indeed a glorious thing. Would that there were more of it, that men rightly prized the loftiness of soul arising from it! Yet is this very honesty, all essential as it is, insufficient of itself without a will sufficiently daring to carry out its dictates; mere honesty of purpose without a will, becomes a tool in the hands of will without honesty. We are often surprised that the speech and actions of a certain class of persons should bear so little correspondence to each other. Like him who said, "I go," but went not, they promise, but do not perform. May not this be owing less to willful dishonesty than to the want of that "will to do" and "soul to dare," without which good resolutions are as chaff before the wind.

If the unwritten history of millions who have lived and died condemned as recreants could be laid before us, we should see that in their hearts they acknowledged the truth, but coward-like dared not avow it. A character wanting in decision, the executive faculty of the soul, is indeed a pitiable object, miserably following in the wake of some stronger mind, or striving to stifle the voice of conscience in sluggish inactivity. Independence in thought and action is another essential element. Not an independence which prides itself on standing aloof from the rest of mankind — neither giving nor receiving sympathy — withdrawing itself into its narrow shell of selfishness, and looking out from the loop-holes of its solitary habitation upon the great world beyond as something with which it has nothing in common; not this, but an independence glowing with generous impulses, with a heart

to feel for another's woe, but which neither the fear of God or man can ever cause to lend a helping hand against the truth. An independence, which, disdaining to float on the tide-waves of popular favor, finds its reward in the calm consciousness of its own strength to labor and to rest.

A due proportion of the practical and poetical is another ingredient which must enter into the compound. The one is the bone, sinew, and muscle — the frame-work of the system — harsh and irregular in its outline; throw around it the warm, soft-breathing covering of Poesy, and the outline is robbed of its sharpness; the strength remains, but combined with it are strength and beauty. Poetry is the feeling, practice, the working, element of character. The one weeps over the sufferer, the other wipes away the tears of the suffering one. Combine them, and the kind action shows the sincerity, which, expressed only in words, touches not the heart.

These are but a few of the many elements which enter into the composition of a character fortified on all sides, equally fitted for attack or defense. "Our life," says one, "is less a progress than a resistance," it might have been added that it is a progress only so far as it is a resistance. Each gift of the mind, properly developed, becomes a golden chord, uniting man, the crowning work, to his Creator, "bringing the poles of his being into harmony with the poles of heaven," and so ordering all things

"That he may walk the earth
And hear his name still hymned and honored
By the grateful voice of humankind,
And in his fame rejoice."

The Emperor of China, on certain days of the year, pays a visit to his mother, who is seated on a throne to receive him; and four times on his feet, and as often on his knees, he makes her a profound obeisance, bowing his head even to the ground.—*Dodd.*

HOPE LISTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"The world! — 't would be too little for thy pride! Thou wouldst scale heaven."

"What is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat!"

"**F**LANNEL wrappers, doubled fists, and vermilion to be sure!" said the gray-headed father aloud, to the bundle just laid for the first time in the great ebony arm-chair tilted backward and filled with silken pillows.

The old man's voice was not quite natural. A certain effort as if there was something in his heart so big that it stifled his natural tones — a smothered joy that his pride or some other strange hesitancy kept down; yet one would suppose it betokened the unspeakable happiness of this modern Abraham and Isaac. But it wasn't Isaac though — perhaps he had hoped it might be. It was a girl, a wee bit of frail humanity; a tiny pink waif upon the rushing tide of the old man's existence. Fathers look forward to the birth of a son with expectancy — with pleasure; but when a little sunny-eyed daughter comes in the hoped-for-one's stead, there is a holier emotion, a deeper tenderness over the helpless babe, a pitiful looking forward to the possible, and sighing apprehension of the positive of her coming destiny. Sons make women of men, by the hope that they will be the props of old age; but daughters keep manhood strongly throbbing in the father's heart, with that beautiful guarding love the strong feel for the weak — the unconquerable for the defenseless.

How gladly he heard the door close upon the watchful nurse who had hurried to relate to the first ear open the cold reception baby met from the old father. Softly he turned the key, and kneeling by the young life given him, wept in the fullness of gratitude — in marvelous happiness at the father-love stirring the pulses of his old heart. He forgot the folded eyelids and pale face of the young mo-

ther, the stilled lip and hushed room he had but now quitted, and exulted over the youth the child had brought back to him, thrilled for once to the holier bliss of unselfish love. How curious the wee face looked, and what quaint contortions of the wordless lips held him! But suddenly some strange memories were welled up that dried his tears, and brought back the stony look to his eyes, and he rose, unlocked the door, and strode out into the hall, and was himself again.

Slowly he paced up and down its length, with the sunlight of the crimson westward flooding his gray hair, and giving a fearful tint to his face. He was speculating — planning already for his child. So strangely contradictory are human creatures, that he was even now crushing one by one the upspringing love-tendrils, and planting ambition and pride in its stead. The tears, manly and softening, that fell upon the face of the babe, were the last, the only outward semblance of tender, fatherly love, and even of the memory of that, she was to be forever orphaned.

Pride in the soul is like the water said to be found in the heart of quartz, which crystalizes wherever it falls.

William Liston had begun life at the very lowest starting point, and as his ambition was fed by success, the quartz water of pride hardened and petrified every human feeling in his soul. He had married late in life, not for love, but from the same motive that prompted all his acts. He felt that he had been cheated by Nature of a lofty birth, and he must be avenged by living and dying loftily. His wife was a sweet, weak creature, who knew no will but society's, no law but the worldly code.

When Mr. Liston had satisfied his love of lucre, the most natural desire of his heart was to leave the scenes of his poverty, the reminders of his origin, and burst out dazzlingly upon some new sphere where people were too glad of basking in his splendor,

to gaze backward upon the track of this new meteor in mammon's sky.

He must marry; it was necessary to his dignity, and so having built a splendid cage, he tried to lure some bird of brightest plumage into its golden bondage. Whoever knew a rich man to remain long unwed, even though tinsel were his only charms, if he desired marriage?

And so after the most approved of wooings, and the most circumspect of acceptances, he brought his young bride home—nay, that is not the word, he brought her to his house to preside over its elegancies.

How the tonnish ladies envied her! How lovely his possessions made his toil-worn hardened features look to them! That he was old, was no hindrance to modern love. Indeed, it should perhaps be no barrier to any love, for an old man's heart may be younger than if years had not softened and beautified his spirit; but one hardened in the selfish furnace of gold-getting, of gold-hoarding, is no mate for the fresh companionship of girlhood.

If the young wife had any dreams of wedded life, and what girl has not? they faded out in the stern pride of her husband. Too soon she learned to feel that her youth, her beauty, and ever her friends, were but ministers to William Liston's self-exaltation. But she had been educated for this. It had been the very acme of her own father's ambition to see his child drinking the wine of life from a golden goblet, no matter how bitter its taste; no matter how many hearts were crushed in the purple pressing; no matter what thorns goaded the vintners, the glittering cup lent glitter to the wine, and he was content, and so perhaps was she. At least there was no outward manifestation—if she had built joy-castles and they crumbled, she gave no sign.

Whatever of mother-joy or mother-love might have stirred the measured pulses of her heart, none knew; for while William Liston paced his splendid hall and planned for the future of

his child, the death angel whispered to his wife softly, stilly, and she went from her earthly joy to—what? Who shall say?

The nurse parted the silken curtains of her couch to see if she slept; and she did sleep, to be awakened nevermore.

If William Liston grieved, it was with profound propriety. If tears fell, they were with a turned key in his door. If he felt desolation, it was properly expressed, or left unspoken. And so the burial came. Stately and still, with sable trappings of uncounted expense, and after, a splendid work of art to keep her in memory—and that was all.

Solemnly the proud man wore his weeds, and stately he lifted the embroidered wrappings and looked at his child. It grew a marvel of beauty, a strange embodiment of almost unearthly loveliness. He called it Hope, because society expected he would give it its dead mother's name. He would have chosen some grander one, but yielded to his only law.

Years sped on, and Hope flitted about the splendid house like a bird—the most beautiful of all things beneath its gorgeous roof. She chirped and caroled all day long a low, quiet song of her own improvising, save when her father came, and with him, silence. Her little heart was bursting with affection for him, because he was her father, and because for her to live was to love something. She would gladly have anticipated his wants, and hurried to bring to his old withered hand any comfort or convenience beyond his reach, but the solemn, "My daughter, there are servants to wait upon me!" quite deprived her of that intense enjoyment a child feels in being useful to their beloved.

Masters, the most renowned, were in constant attendance to fill her young mind with great scientific truths; but none came to stroke her sunny head, and say, "Love me," or "I love you."

Of her mother she knew scarce any thing; but her little heart yearned for mamma and her sweet caresses, but she dared not talk of her to her father. Once, only once, she crept to his knee, and laying her little cheek upon it, begged him to tell her of mother.

"She was beautiful, very beautiful, and presided over the house with the same pride and loftiness that I expect you to do some day," he said, coldly.

"Not that, papa, not that. If she could be here, wouldn't she have sat by my little bed, and told me pretty stories, and dressed me in the mornings, and not pulled my curls like nurse does?" asked the child, piteously.

"No, child, your mother was a lady and not a servant to put you to bed," he replied, as he pushed the pretty head from his knee.

And so Hope Liston remembered her mother as a lady, and not as a woman or a mamma, and ceased to fancy pleasanter things if she had lived.

What the child lost in sweet affections bestowed, was in part made up to her by her great love of books, in which she could freely indulge. Poetry grew into an absorbing passion with the child. It took her to fairyland—pictured things she loved most, but had never seen. She reveled in intense fondness of quite another existence than her own.

She created an ideal world, and peopled it with divinity. Her father, nor even a semblance of him, found place in her fancies, and yet she felt for him a reverent tenderness one feels for some outcast from the realms of happiness. She was too young for what the world calls society, and her father, filled with his own schemes, never thought of her lack of proper companionship. Hours and hours after her masters had gone, she would sit before her mother's picture, with her little white hands folded meekly over her snowy dress, scarce whiter than they, and wish her mother had been something besides a lady—

only to lie on her mother's bosom as Tennyson's May Queen did, even though she said,

"You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn's shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me, where I am lowly laid;
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With you feet above my head, in the long and pleasant grass."

What wonder, if, when she grew to womanhood, with her soul peopled with lovely ideals, she should fail to meet her father's expectations! How wearily she turned from all those who sought to win her affections; they were so unlike her soul's companions in the lonely days of girlhood. By keeping her so exclusive, he had illy prepared the girl to favor his ambitious desires.

Now it was that the struggle of her life began. Suitors to her wealth, position, beauty, and, mayhap, a truer, holier motive prompting them, were rejected. Storms of rage from the snowy-headed old man were terrible to bear, and poor Hope had well nigh yielded to the iron will which had hitherto been law; but there was upspringing in her soul a great joy, and to the world, an unacknowledged strength of which her poor old father knew nothing. She had read and believed that best book of all books, which teaches the value of earthly things—which contrasts the gifts of Heaven with the riches of men.

Tenderly, firmly she met her father's arguments and commands, and prayed in vain for him to give one thought to her strength,—her guide and consolation,—that he, too, might be comforted and lighted adown the dark way he was so soon to go.

His ambition could not serve instead of that faith and forgiveness which brightens the shadow of the Destroyer. The second winter in society came with its gayeties, and night after night, at her father's command, she frequented the gay haunts of pleasure. She, with her radiant

beauty and meek spirit, and he, with his stony face and stonier heart — with his whitened locks wearing a borrowed color, gathering enjoyment from the homage paid to himself and child.

There was one spirit she met, who drew Hope toward him with a strong feeling of sympathy. He attracted others, because for the season he was fashionable. He was a poet, and the world lauded him, and society *feted* him. Apparently alike unconscious of its flattery or blame, he trode the earth haughtily, gathering beauty to sparkle in thought, and tingle in the ears, and throb in the pulse of the mighty public. He was poor, but no matter for that, to the lionizers of the noted. No mammas talked to him of their daughters, save in a poetic way, and no papas begged him to dine familiarly with them; yet no large assembly was rounded to the full perfection of attendance without this acknowledged genius.

It had never occurred to Mr. Liston to contrast in any way this man with Hope's many suitors. He trusted too much in the pride of his house to dream of her union with any one unlike himself. Popularity was something — it was a passport to society; but popularity was not money, and very likely never might be. He did not frown nor think of it, that Hope and the poet spent much time conversing, and that more earnestly than people at such places usually do. He never remarked that Lieth Arnold called oftener than others of her many acquaintances; but to Hope he became the sunlight of her life. She had found her ideal, — one who loved what she loved, and believed as she believed, and, best of all, knelt as she knelt in the same childish simplicity, and acknowledged Him who counteth even the sparrow's fall. She did not know if Lieth Arnold loved her; indeed, she never thought of it. But Lieth felt that every hour he spent in her presence was one more link that bound him stronger in a bondage he

must bear in silence forever, for too well he knew the golden barrier between them in this world. But he had not strength to leave her. Had the father been pleased to welcome him as a suitor, her large possessions were an impassible gulf to cross, for Lieth Arnold was proud as he was gifted, and no man should say he had won Hope Liston for the sake of her gold. If his conscience troubled him with the thought that she too might suffer, he put the idea sternly aside, and accorded it to his vanity. How his great spirit loomed up like a being of light in the chambers of Hope's heart! How unlike the sordid common-place men who had sued for her hand, no matter whether her heart followed or not!

Softly the hum of their voices died and fell through the spacious drawing-room in her beautiful home one evening, and Lieth was creating with his fancy a splendid good for the homeless widows, where they may live with their children, instead of the fearful charity which separates them forever. His eyes glowed like fire, and his lips quivered with a strange and unconquerable emotion. Mr. Liston, who sat across the room, dropped his *Tribune* unnoticed by Lieth, and listened.

"Pardon me," said Hope's visitor, "but there is a fearful memory stirred within me to-night. I remember, and every event is branded upon my spirit, my own miserable childhood. My father, my dear father, died, and left my poor mother with three little ones, her care and comfort. Only her love for us kept her alive during that terrible storm of grief, during that dreadful widowed loneliness. A little while and another sorrow fell upon us. A man, an iron-hearted lover of money, no matter how got, held a slight mortgage upon our home, and taking advantage of my mother's womanish ignorance, succeeded in taking from us our only earthly support. It was a terrible day when we went out forever from

that home. We had no relatives, for my mother was an orphan — an only child, and so was our father, and we were destitute. My poor mother placed me in an asylum, and tried to support the two little ones with her needle. The babe at the breast died, for the fount of its nourishment was dried by sorrow, and then my sweet little sister went up with the angels, and I never saw her more. But oh! the hardest, the very bitterest memory is this: my mother died, and I could not see her, I did not hear her blessing, though I am sure she left me one, for I have felt it all my life long. Could I meet the man who robbed us of our home, murdered my mother and her sweet babes, kept from my remembrance my mother's last look — I pray I never may meet him, Miss Liston; I fear I might be tempted to avenge my mother, poor Mary Arnold."

The speaker did not see the great, bright drops on Hope Liston's cheeks and dropping on her fair hands, folded, as when a child, across her lap.

Scarce had Lieth Arnold ceased speaking, when the old man started from his chair, and exclaimed, "I am the man," and fell backward into an eternal silence.

It was fearfully strange to see this young girl, whom the world supposed one of its worshipers, pray beside the fallen man. If prayer ever may be heard when the soul is past the utterance of its own petitions, surely hers would have been answered. No skill could restore the crumbling clay; but the breath lingered for days, and beside him his poor child stayed, and those old quivering lips tried vainly to utter something to her eager ears, but it came not.

Mournfully she said for him, "The tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me."

And so he died. Hope wondered why Lieth Arnold came no more to soothe her sorrow, for on that terrible night he had held her in his arms, and let his whole soul out in that un-

guarded moment when the great sorrow came upon her, and her own breath had at times become so faint that he feared lest she, too, would vanish from his sight forever.

She knew he was not ill, for she saw him pass her home, and bitterly she felt the need of his companionship. How could he desert her when the darkness came? Had she misunderstood him? Impossible! She could not, would not think of the thing. Did she offend him that dreadful night? She might perhaps, in her uncontrollable bewilderment, have said something abhorrent to him. Had he never confessed his love for her — and she remembered every word he said, no matter what else was forgotten — she would have sent to inquire the cause of his absence, but now her woman's heart could not quite let her, even with her wonderful simplicity of character.

A few weeks of miserable conjecture passed; weeks in which she had received much of hollow sympathy, when a note of explanation came. He begged her to forget him and his wild words the night her poor father was stricken down, for though he was sincere, he could not think of accepting from her hand a fortune, and one, too, gotten in such a fearful way. She had seemed to be interested in him, and whatever dreams he had allowed himself to have — sweet dreams they were, too, that he held one thought in her pure soul — were forever cast aside, and her way through life and his must eternally diverge. His path would be desolate, but hers, he prayed God, might be smooth and beautiful, even to the golden gates of the blessed city.

"And he is proud also," she sighed out, as if that was to be her bane in some way all through life. She determined to conquer fate even at the expense of her natural maiden instincts, and so she replied only as Hope Liston could. She told how desolate she was; how little of true enjoyment mere wealth could give;

how much more she valued his pure affection than all the hoardings her father had burdened her with, and would he take her, and mete out to the desolate her fortune? Would he let her inheritance be her curse?

But he replied only :

“BELOVED: — Do n't tempt me beyond endurance. God help us both. Thine in heaven. LIETH ARNOLD.

Strange it seemed, and very hard for a woman to endure, when she had stooped to offer her hand, and be rejected! She loathed herself for the step she had taken. He could not have loved her as she loved him. Henceforth her fortune dragged a wake of darkness after her young life. It was a deeper sorrow than death could bring, this unveiling of her own soul and the learning of its capabilities of suffering.

One day, months after, when Lieth Arnold was bearing his grief under foreign skies, where he had gone without one word of parting, she was trying to pass an irksome hour among the musty writings in her father's es-critoir. She saw an old paper with Lieth Arnold's name across the folded end, and she grasped it eagerly, and read till the blood froze in her veins. Her father robbed that widow and children, and murdered them, too, and when it came back to him in the living son's curse, he died! Well he might! Lieth Arnold bore his father's name — too strange a one it was, too, to be mistaken, and that paper was his father's mortgage! No wonder he rejected the child of such a man! No marvel that he refused a fortune so horribly gotten — the price of his mother's life and the sweet babes his father left, and the price, too, of that lost blessing he could never receive in this world.

How hateful now all the splendor looked to her! She saw famine and sorrow in every shadow of the haunted house! Wan babes peered at her from the pictures on the walls, and her dead mother's face wore a fam-

ished look! She remembered and interpreted for the first time her poor deluded father's last words. Now she was sole heir to those vast possessions, but gladly would she have laid them from her sight forever. She recalled all the last evening of that ill-spent life, and the glorious good Lieth Arnold had promised to create, should he ever possess the means. She would follow his plan. She had a small fortune of her mother's that was not stained with blood, at least she believed it was not, and she would go to that little house, and take her dearest servants — her own two since she was a motherless babe, and the restitution should commence. Her friends called her fanatic, enthusiast, and deserted her as women are always deserted if they walk not in the very path every woman is expected to tread — that of useless helplessness. But she faltered not, and as stone after stone reared the Widows' and Childrens' Home, higher and lighter grew her heart, and more and more peaceful her troubled spirit.

Two years sped away, and her plan had brought happiness and gratitude to many a desolate spirit, which, but for her munificent endowments, would have died heart-broken as Lieth Arnold's mother did. And so she gave herself up to the quietude of a peaceful, useful life, hopeful for herself only, as Lieth had said in his last message, “Thine in heaven.”

She knew now how he had loved her, and how his great heart rebelled at her inheritance. She might have dreamed of a reunion on the tented hills of Beulah, but never on earth. She thought he loved the poetic associations of the grand old world too well to return to this eternal work-away-land of ours, and so she folded down the blessed memory of her past happiness as her dearest possession, and was content. But such a deed as hers does not rest in the quiet its projector might have desired. Of this she heeded little. What the

public said, what the many tongued press blazoned forth, was of no consequence to Hope Liston. But some other ear heard the tidings over, far over across the great waters, and his heart thrilled to an unspeakable joy. What was the poetry of his imaginings to Hope Liston's poetry of deeds? Home again, merrily homeward, and angel-guarded, sped the white-winged ship upon the waters, freighted with love, henceforth to be, instead of gold, Hope Liston's inheritance.

More beautiful, more spiritual he found her in her snowy robes, just as she wore them years ago; and when he grasped both her folded hands, and said, "Dear Hope, God hath kept you for me"—only this he said, and she replied, "God is good," and the sweet silence of unspeakable joy came down upon them, and deep peace followed them forevermore. Only as Hope Arnold, did she receive her inheritance of love and happiness.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE influence and advantage of good sense are incalculable toward the promotion and maintainence of so desirable an object. What streams, what vessels are the noisy? They are the shallow, the empty. Who are the unyielding? The ignorant, who mistake obstinacy for firmness. Who are the infallible? They who have not reflection enough to see how liable and likely we are to err; they who can not comprehend how much it adds to a person's wisdom to discover, and to his humility to acknowledge, a fault. Good sense will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to be unmovable, and when to yield. Good sense will produce good manners; will keep us from taking freedom, and handling things roughly, for love is delicate, confidence is ten-

der. Good sense will never agitate claims of superiority; it will teach us to "submit ourselves one to another in the fear of God." Good sense will lead us to regard our own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

But beyond all these, are the religious principles by which we are to be governed. These are to be found in the Word of God. If it be said there are happy families without religion, I would answer, first, there is a difference between appearance and reality; and if we believe the Scriptures, this in the highest and best sense can not be; religion secures those duties upon the performance of which the happiness of households depends. Religion attracts the Divine blessing, and all we possess or enjoy depends upon its smile. God can elevate or sink us in the esteem of others; He can send us business, or withhold it; He can render all we have satisfying or distasteful, and them that honor Him He will honor. Finally, religion prepares us for all events. If we succeed, it keeps our prosperity from destroying us; if we suffer, it prevents us from fainting in the day of adversity. It turns our losses into gains; it exalts our joys and praises; it makes prayers of our sighs; and in all the uncertainties of time and changes of the world, it sheds on the mind a "peace which passeth all understanding." It unites us to each other not only as creatures, but as Christians; not only as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but as heirs of glory, honor, and immortality. For we must one day separate; it is useless to keep back the heart-rending truth. It is the condition upon which all unions are formed. Yes, after so many mutual and growing attachments, we must nevertheless one day part. What is to be done here? Religion will come in and relieve us, in a case where every other assistance fails; it will teach us not to wrap up our chief happiness in the creature; it will bend our wills to the pleasure

of the Almighty, and enable us to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good."

Come, then, and embrace the religion of the blessed Jesus, this "one thing needful," this universal benefactor of mankind. "It has the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." It secures our individual and relative happiness; it brings peace into our bosoms, and joy into our dwellings. Let us resolve, then, to pursue it ourselves, and enjoin it upon our connections. Let us dedicate our tabernacle to God, offer the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, and, whatever be the determinations of others, let us say for ourselves, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." SUSAN E. WICKHAM.

MUSIC.

HE who attuned the harps of the choral throng that join in sweet symphony around His throne, has to His earth children given, too, the angels' holiest gift, the power of song. Though "the pleasant voice of the sweet singer" is not ours, yet, with unutterable emotions our spirit listens to the voice of song. Like the caged bird she beats her wings against her prison house with impatient longings to pour forth its gushing emotions of joy. Like the fluttering bird we fain would soar and sing. Sometimes when the ear of Faith is upward turned, she catches the swelling notes of the white-robed ones who have learned "the new song," the harmony of which is broken by no rude note of discord; then sweetly whispers, "Peace be still" to the spirit's wild emotions; yet a little while, and the music of the heavenly choristers shall burst upon thy ravished ear; thy heart-harp quiver no more, swept by the hand of Sorrow. To cheer us when heavy with the spirit of sadness, our Father giveth songs in the night. To purify and elevate us above the

earthly, was the love of music implanted in the human heart, and to give us a foretaste of the joys of heaven. Alas! that this sacred gift should be perverted. That the human voice should ever be attuned to songs of folly. Sorrowfully we turn away from even the sweet singer who can desecrate this sacred, holy gift. As soon would we expect an angel's golden lyre to give forth notes of discord, or the sweet forest-hid fountain to gush with bitter waters, as that a pure and noble-minded woman's heart could respond to the sentiments of many of the meaningless "new songs" that are now so fashionable in public society. Show us the songs a young lady loves, and we have almost an infallible key to her character.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

WE have a Western letter from an old and favorite correspondent of "THE HOME," which can not fail to be interesting to all of our readers.

WESTERN IOWA, Oct., 1857.

I was seated in my school-room one morning the last season we spent in Pawnee, with my scholars all busy around me, and my doors snugly fastened to keep out all strolling Indians, who, if they came in, would only disturb us, without any benefit to themselves, when suddenly I saw every pair of eyes raised with a pleased expression to a window that was open just behind me, and turning, I saw an Indian woman with a large boy-baby on her back, and two little girls, one on each side, who were grasping the window-sill very tightly and sticking their little moccasined toes in the logs of our cabin to prevent their falling. The light skin of the girls and their beauty, especially the last, led me to leave caring for the school, and go to talk with the mother.

She told me that she and her sister were the daughters of Bloody

Shield, a Loup brave; that a Frenchman came and took them both for wives; that her sister died when the elder of the two girls was but a few hours old, and as she had a son but a little older, she nursed both of the children; that the Frenchman whom she called her husband had been absent from her more than a year, and in going, he took her son to be educated in St. Louis; that he promised to return to her; but the sigh that followed, and the tears that filled her eyes, told plainly that she feared he would never do so.

I begged her to let me have the girls — the younger of which was her own daughter; for, as their father was a white man, it was well their children should be educated like the whites. She consented, and that night saw two more dressed and added to our number, which we had before pronounced complete. The elder girl, a Frenchman who was boarding in a family near, and who was acquainted with her father, wished us to name Imogene, and the other we called Julia. They were both beautiful, but Julia's eyes were fascinating, so much so, that I was in haste to have morning come that I might look at them again; and a neighboring lady came in several times the first evening she was with us, saying she could not stay at home, she so much loved to gaze on those beautiful eyes.

Imogene proved the most mischievous. The first morning she was with us I waked just at dawn, and hearing a noise in my cupboard below stairs, I arose, and peeping down, saw Imogene with her hands full of cakes, which she had seen me deposit there the day before. I called her, and answering, "Wait a little," she started to run with her prize. I caught her, and taking them calmly from her, put them in the cupboard. An Indian never keeps any thing cooked for the future, and I suppose she thought she could dispose of them to her friends rather than have them lie there. She was a noted thief, too, in the village,

and every Indian, man or woman, that knew her, would tell me that she was very bad, and would steal a plenty. But she was very active, and not knowing that she had done any thing bad, she was cheerful immediately; and when she saw me about to kindle a fire in my stove, darted out of the house, and soon returned with a brand she had taken from the fire of some squaws who were making sweet corn near. The next thing she did was to mount upon our dining-table that she could more distinctly see from a window near which it stood.

But two or three mornings after she entered the school, one of the farmers called to me, saying that he had seen two of my girls running toward the village. Upon examining the flock, it was found that Imogene and Julia were the missing ones, and a man immediately started in pursuit.

When overtaken, it was found that each had on but one garment; when asked where was the remainder of their clothing, Imogene led the way to the cattle yard, and pulled the other clothes from a hollow log. She said they were going to the village on a visit, and wanted to run. You know they had never worn any thing but a piece of cloth lapped straight around them for a skirt, and they thought probably they should not get to their mother soon with so much clothing. Julia had not so many designs to carry out as Imogene, as she was the younger and less active, but she was our pet, and soon learned to know it. Before leaving for the summer hunt, their mother said it was well that the children should be ours to keep; and as her elder brother would be their rightful protector in the absence of her husband, he came and made a formal resignation of the children to us.

I have told you how we were obliged to leave the country soon after the village left, that season. At Bellevue Imogene had inflamed eyes,

and could n't bear the light for weeks. We feared she would be blind, as there seemed to be a film forming over her eyes; and when we returned to our homes in Ohio the next spring, we took Imogene and Julia with us, both because we thought we had a right to do so, and because we wished to consult some ophthalmist with regard to Imogene's eyes.

During a short stay in Cincinnati, Dr. Waldo of that city kindly prescribed for her, which proved beneficial; but her affliction had spoiled her beauty, and rendered her very unhappy during our long journey, for she not only could not see distinctly the objects around her, but continually heard the beauty of her sister praised, while she was pronounced very cross — her effort to use her eyes giving her a continual frown. I thought it very unkind of the people around, thus to feed the pride of one and continually wound the feelings of the other; but they did not seem to realize that Indians could understand English.

On our return to Cincinnati, after an absence of a few weeks, a lady friend of mine said to me, as she looked at Julia, "The portrait of that child is in the Art Union."

I thought it could not be, but she insisted it was there, and that Mr. Baird, one of our noted artists, painted it and hung it there, having registered it "The Young Pawnee." I went to the rooms to see, and lo! there she hung in a splendid gilt frame, looking so perfectly like the young Pawnee that climbed up to peep into my log-cabin window away on the wild prairie, that it seemed she might spring down to me from the canvas. It is true, the dress was a little different from the one she wore that day — the artist had taken the portrait from a daguerreotype, for which the children sat when we were first in the city. They were at that time dressed in slips of a dark blue ground, with a white flower. The only change he made in the dress,

was to paint the ground pea-green, the flower red, and throw carelessly around her waist a heavy crimson sash; but the eyes were there perfect as life, and a peculiar baby-like expression of countenance, which made her look so artless and winning. I would give much to see the picture again, but could not find it when I was last in Cincinnati, six years ago.

The girls returned with us to our Iowa home, and remained a few months; but their mother came to Bellevue, and as she insisted on seeing them, as any mother would, the agent came and took the girls to her instead of bringing her to them, which he might have done, that she might see them in their home, and know how much we loved them. We followed them immediately, and used every persuasion to induce the mother to let them return with us; but she would not consent, and we returned to our home desolate.

Julia was the favorite in the family where they lived at Bellevue, and cared not to return to us, — indeed, like most beauties, she was spoiled — had become heartless. But poor Imogene was unloved, and she longed to return to us. If a member of our family went to Bellevue, she followed them all around, during their stay, weeping; and at last, as I heard her father was there, I went up, hoping to get his consent to her coming to us again. But he had taken another Indian wife, and was boarding in the family that had charge of the girls, and knowing it would displease them if he should give his consent, he said to me "No."

When Imogene heard the decision, she buried her face in my dress and wept with uncontrollable grief; and I was obliged to tear myself from her, and come again to my home with an aching heart. She died a few weeks after of cholera, and Julia returned to her people with her mother.

She is now a wife, and only a few weeks since, her husband was pointed

out to me among a crowd of Indians who had come near us to make a treaty with government, and whom I was visiting. HESPER.

WHEN I AM OLD.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

MOST of us have, we suppose, indulged in some reveries, pensive or heroic, about growing old; most have made some abstract speculations on this Arctic Circle of human life, and calculated the probabilities of enduring its rigors with tolerable equanimity. *Abstract*, we say, for very few really *expect* that their own feet will ever touch those doleful and inhospitable shores. We talk and jest about *growing* old, but seldom seriously realize that unless overtaken by some of those accidents or disorders against which we pray so devoutly to be insured, we shall inevitably *be—old*.

Little girls look forward with longings unutterable to emancipation from satchel and school-books; young ladies see perfect felicity in "an establishment;" and mothers, weary and faint with the burdens of the day, look forward to a third goal—the period when their children shall be their pride and their "beautiful staff." But who is looking forward to old age? Who is laying in provisions for its comfort? Who is studying the chart of that far-away land, to see if there be not on all its storm-swept coasts some sheltered valley or some fortunate isle where the soul may wait in peace the swell of that wave which shall launch it into the Great Beyond?

Some of you, young ladies, have not yet drawn from your shining tresses the *first gray hair*; but others of us well remember the day, when, standing before the glass, we found the first thread of destiny entwisted with our fate. We may have smiled and jested at the omen, but you may be sure we made a lit-

tle bier for that gray hair in our hearts, and dropped upon it a pensive tear.

And it was well to mark that day in our life calendar—to say to ourselves, "So surely as the little sapless leaf that flutters to the ground, while the skies are bright and the gales warm, brings sleet and drifting snows, so surely I know that this gray hair is the first thread in the woof of my winding sheet. It is Death's espousal gift to me. By this token I know that youth is past—the first stage of my journey is over, and it is time for me to be doing life's great work before the winter comes."

But we are not about to indulge in reflections upon the inevitableness of growing old, although such thoughts have their wholesome as well as their morbid tendencies. We would like to have you, young ladies, stand a few minutes before your mirror, mentally if you prefer, and imagine yourselves not *elderly*, but *old* women. Look yourselves straight in the face. Yes, those bloodless lips, sunken eyes, and wrinkled cheeks are all your own; that skeleton hand with which you are trying to rub out the deep lines on your brow, that, too, is yours. Ah! if you find no love-light in that eye, no deep soul-beauty lighting up those faded features, you may well sit down and weep for your lost selves. Oh! we have seen some aged faces, all bleached and battered with the storms of life, where faith and patience, serene trust and holy triumph, sat on every wrinkle and furrow, and made them as fair as an angel's.

And now, since we are traveling with slow but certain foot into this land where all illusions drop, and all the old delights of sense fail, where there are no longer voices of singing men and singing women, nor appetizing delicacies for the palate, nor soothing visions of summer landscapes, what provisions are we making for our sojourn there? What manna shall we carry with us into

that desert waste where there is neither fruit nor 'vintage, wine nor honey? Are there no tempting clusters we may gather now, to add to the soul's scanty refectations then? Are there no songs to cheer the more than Arctic night, when the dull ear has closed to all outer harmonies? Are there no pictures to hang in the chambers of memory, whose colors do soften with age and reveal a tenderer light?

With what a keen pang of surprise will those awake to their utter poverty, who come panting into old age laden only with their money bags and their infirmities! With so much to excite cupidity, and so little to command respect, we can conceive nothing more pitiable than their state. It is not before *such* hoary heads that the heart does reverence.

But, truly, we have known some before whom children and grandchildren rise up and bow themselves; to whom any service was rendered gladly and reverently, as to those who stood nearest heaven; whose little defects and weaknesses were affectionately overlooked, and tenderly covered from the world.

We remember such a family—ah! how vivid it seems as we close our eyes and travel back to those happy old days when we so often sat at their hospitable board. The good old grandmother, in her plain, white cap and neatly-folded neckerchief, sits in the seat of honor—a seat from which she is never displaced by any guest, however distinguished; the daintiest morsel is laid on her plate; the sunniest window and the warmest corner are hers; the cushions of her chair are stuffed with peculiar care; if the Sabbath is bright and genial, the gladness is general, for grandmother can go to church, and Mary and Lizzie vie with each other as to who shall resign her seat in the family carriage, although neither has aired her new summer hat. The softest flannel is selected for the old lady, and when her birth-day ap-

proaches, many are the whispered consultations on back stairs and in dark corners as to "what will please grandmother." We never heard the opinion expressed in that house that "the old lady could not last much longer;" on the contrary, everybody was sure that with her excellent constitution and serene temper she would live many years to come; and she does live still, though, I dare say, she has long since celebrated her ninetieth birth-day.

Now, it is very evident that a peevish, irritable old woman, or a weak, garrulous one, could never maintain such a position in a family as this. The example and authority of the parents might secure dutiful service for her, and even pitiful sympathy, but they could never make her the center of such love and veneration.

We can not but think the aged are themselves in fault, if they do not receive due honor and reverence from the young. An old person who has passed through all the discipline of life without being tempered by it, the fierce heats of whose passions have not burned out with the feebler vitality of the body; whose nature has only been soured and hardened by years; whose thoughts are still more "downward bent" on the low trivialities of sense, as they are about to launch into the awful realities of eternity; who clutches more eagerly his earthly pelf as his fingers stiffen in death; such a person is one of the most depraving spectacles that can be placed before the eye of childhood.

On the other hand, the grandmother, let us say, whose very countenance bears in its tranquil and purified sweetness the stamp and the seal of the Great Forger; whose hopes are long since anchored and sure, yet who sojourns here not as in an inn, but among very dear and loving friends; whose words of counsel are the droppings of experience, and of reproof even, do not wound, being

tempered with love. Such a hoary head is indeed the crown and choice treasure of any household.

Such a woman ennobles many generations of a family. Such women were Martha Washington and Abigail Adams; and it is because they had in themselves and bore into their old age a force and elevation of soul "above all earthly dignities," above all halos of glory cast by husbands and sons, that the American people venerate them.

When, on her ninety-seventh birthday, the king of Prussia sent a gold medal to Caroline Herschel, and the Prince and Princess Royal of Hanover came to pay her their respects, did they render this homage to a mumbling old woman, the mummied relic of what had once been the sister, aunt, and companion of philosophers? Was there not that in the presence of this remarkable woman, and in the strong furrows of her thoughtful brow, before which royalty might bend itself?

We never read of the elder Mrs. Madison without thinking how beautiful is age when all the faculties have been kept active and vigorous, and the graces of the heart have only mellowed by time. Says a lady who visited her at Montpelier, where she occupied one wing of the family mansion, retaining her old servants and habits of life,—“She — Mrs. Madison the elder — still retained all her faculties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was sitting, or rather reclining on a couch; beside her was a small table filled with large, dark, and worn quartos and folios of most venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took up her knitting which lay beside her. Among other inquiries, I asked her how she spent her time.

“‘I am never at a loss,’ she replied; ‘this and these’ (touching her knitting and her books,) ‘keep me always busy; look at my fingers, and you will perceive I have not been idle.’ In truth, her delicate fingers

were polished by her knitting-needles. ‘And my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But, in other respects, I am feeble and helpless, and owe every thing to *her*,’ pointing to Mrs. Madison. ‘She is my mother *now*, and tenderly cares for all my wants.’”

She was then in her ninety-seventh year! What daughter would not be proud to wait on such a mother, even if her life was prolonged to a hundred years?

We have some very delightful examples, too, of a happy old age among unmarried females, a class who find themselves, as life advances, so cut off from all near ties and interests, that they, if any, may be pardoned for showing the sour side of human nature. How cheerfully Mary Mitford trudged down the hill-side of life, gathering daises by the way, and leading little children by the hand! What a lovely and self-sustained old age was Maria Edgeworth's, and with what noble fortitude Hannah Moore rose above sufferings which would have martyred a soul less firm, planning and executing works of love, when far younger women were sunk in hopeless imbecility!

We ask, how came all these venerable ladies to be in such remarkable preservation at very advanced ages? Simply, because they had kept their faculties bright by work. They had never wrapped them up in a napkin, and laid them aside to rust. Follow them back through their long lives, and you will find that the motto of each had been “work and love,”—work for head and hands, love for the heart.

Here, young ladies, in these habits of mind and soul are the clusters of Eschol, which we would have you gather to bear with you into the desert-land. Here is the pot of manna which you may lay up now, to sustain you when the wine and the oil shall fail, and there is no more corn in the store-houses. It is now that

you may culture those gentle graces of spirit which shall fill your whole being with an Æolian murmur of sweetest music when the harp and the viol shall have ceased to charm. *Now*, whether you will or no, you are laying these colors on the canvas which no cunning art can wash out, and filling up the lights and shades of those pictures which memory will hold forever before you when all the gorgeous dyes of earth shall have faded from the eye.

Ah! what a misfortune to arrive at old age with an unfurnished mind and heart — to bring thither no furniture for the inner life, no tempered mortar with which to stop the chinks and crevices of time — to find that the skeleton body with its shrunken sinews and bloodless tissues is but the counterpart of the skeleton soul within to feel that when the spirit is about to drop its clogs of clay, and should be looking eagerly from its prison windows, it has become dwarfed and wasted during the long years of its hybernation, and must enter on the thrilling life of the future, a deformed and shriveled thing! Who believes that she who has slept away her whole existence, or, at most, waked her faculties only into feeble and spasmodic play, and at last cheated old age of its pains as we cheat surgery — with anodynes — will awake to the same intensity of *future* life with another who has, by God's grace, kept all the pulses of her being in full and regular play?

If we could but chain habit to the wheel of our destiny, and make it our slave as it is our master — if we could tame this ruddy Sampson before he has grown wanton with his unshorn strength, we might well exclaim, "The gods fight for us!"

With what hope and courage we should lay up provision for our old age! How, under the daily strokes of the hatchet, God's blessing going with them, our faults and weaknesses would fall from us! What mighty granaries of knowledge we might fill

with the choicest wheat! How the sour juices of our perverse nature would grow sweet and pleasant, did we sun them for long years under the warm beams of Christian charity, till at last, in our old age, they would turn to honey and nectar! How would our wills, mobile and shifting as the sand in our youth, harden and crystalize into granite by a long persistence in right choosing! This is not dreaming, reader; it is but the legitimate following out of that tremendous law of habit which God ordained to draw us up to heaven, but which we pervert to drag us down to hell. Oh! who will prove what a gigantic elevation of virtue may be attained, even in the brief years of this life, by the humble, resolute, prayerful improvement of all the soul's faculties?

Doubtless those who come to old age thus poised in virtue and enriched with wisdom, will bear its pains and privations with a superior fortitude. Journeying toward the sun, with the dawn just brightening before them, they will not be cast down, though the autumn winds are keen and the night frosts cold on their heads. In those sad hours which come to all the thoughtful when their hearts fail with the unutterable solitude and weariness of the road; and they grope darkly to clasp some accustomed hand, they will stop, and say softly to themselves, "Yonder, over the hill-side, when we sit down to rest by the 'sweet waters,' we shall find again those old companions who dropped from our side by the way, and rejoin them forever."

And as they stand thus uncovered in the still and solemn twilight of the heavenly dawn, and the lights of life go out one after another, and the stars fade from the sky, they will put their shoes from off their feet, and step gently over the threshold into the light of the eternal morning.

UNOCCUPIED moments are dangerous.

COUNTRY HOMES AND COUNTRY WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

(Continued.)

WE now come to consider the country home in its unfolding maturity. The farm is cleared up, and the old log-house is about to be supplanted by a more noble structure. A word of caution here: it is not well to be too hasty.* Be sure you are ready to build before you begin. Remember the dwelling which you contemplate erecting will probably be the home of those you love for many years, and the resting-place of your own old age. Here health will sport in all her happiness, and disease, with her train of sorrows, find an occasional abode; and you will desire to enjoy the one to the fullest extent, and render the other as comfortable as may be. It is better to occupy the old house a little longer, if possible, or put up a building which may serve a useful purpose hereafter as a shop, corn-house, or carriage-house, and live in that for awhile, than to build a dwelling which will never be satisfactory to your mind, and which will afford you but a small share of the comforts and delights which you desire in a home.

When ready to build, select the best situation your place affords, combining, if possible, these advantages, viz: air fresh and bracing; water pure, soft, and convenient; scenery delightful; and location sufficiently distant from the highway to avoid its dust, and afford ample space for pleasure grounds, that your children may not be liable to spend much of their time seeking pleasure in the street, and that you may cultivate in your family a true taste for the beautiful. Having selected your grounds, perfect your plan. Your purse and locality will be likely to determine

the material you will use, unless you are too parsimonious to use the best you can afford, or so unwise as to go beyond your means.

Be sure your arrangement is a convenient one. Do not subject your wife to the trial of taking twice as many steps as are necessary in doing her housework; at the best she will have a weary time of it. Let her have a voice in arranging the matter. She will, perhaps, know better than yourself what will conduce to convenience, for the good reason that she has had more to do with housework than yourself. A great deal of comfort may be packed away in the nooks and corners of a cottage at a small expense. No two persons would be likely to plan a house exactly alike, and no two families, perhaps, be perfectly accommodated and satisfied with the same plan, but a few suggestions may not be inappropriate.

To commence with the cellar. For our own part, we should not desire a large cellar beneath the dwelling, preferring that the principal store-room for fruits and vegetables should be connected with some out building, that the unhealthy influence of decaying vegetable matter, which is usually present to some extent in a cellar of this kind, should be farther removed from the family. A small cellar for storing supplies for immediate consumption would be very useful. We see not why an ice-house might not sometimes be cheaply constructed in connection with the cellar, possessing the advantage of great convenience for preserving fruits, etc., in summer, but we are not aware that it is often done. A blind waiter and a cooler connected with the pantry above would be very desirable, saving much going up and down stairs. With regard to the pantry, we would have two apartments or rooms connected with each other; the one fitted up with flour and meal chests, drawers for groceries, shelves for milk at certain seasons of the year, and a shelf or table where all bread-mixing,

* The reader will find some very interesting and instructive remarks on building dwellings in Fowler's "HOME FOR ALL," from which, perhaps, some of our own ideas may have been derived.

etc., may be done; this communicating with the open air or wood-house by a door through which all provisions may be brought in without dusting, or otherwise rendering untidy other parts of the house. Pantry No. 2 should be arranged for the china, and provided with drawers for table-linen, etc. We would prefer separate apartments for cooking, dining, and sitting-rooms — although the two former might be small if necessary — and each fitted up with appropriate conveniences; it is so much easier, with such an arrangement, to “have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.” The sitting-room, the most important in the house, unless it may be the sleeping-rooms, should be commodious and well-ventilated. The last item is especially true of the whole dwelling. We can hardly over-estimate the value of pure air in its influence upon health. Each room much occupied, should be high and airy. Among other desirable apartments, we may mention a nursery, fitted up with closets for childrens’ clothing, drawers for their playthings, etc., where they may have full opportunity to enjoy themselves in unpleasant weather, though the drawing-room should be occupied by company, and where they may be taught orderly habits; a library or study, where those who are disposed to retire for intellectual culture can have an opportunity of doing so, and find themselves surrounded by the necessary aids; an ample supply of closets in every part of the house; and a bathing-room supplied, if possible, with running water. Where soft water can not in any other way be had for general use in cooking and bathing, we would earnestly advise the use of cisterns constructed with a filter, as soft water is considered more healthy than hard.

It may be thought that we have entered unnecessarily into detail, with reference to the conveniences of dwellings; but these little items have so

much to do with household comfort, that it is difficult to know where to stop. We would wish to say a word of the construction of the house in such a manner as to impart the greatest delight to the senses. Home is one of the best places in the world in which to be happy, if it is what a home should be, and every aid that is possible should be brought into bearing to produce this result. An observatory, porticos, and verandahs, are all pleasant places of resort, and add much to the appearance of a cottage and delights of home life. In the furnishing of country houses, let simplicity with true refinement of taste prevail, as best accords with the simplicity, purity, and beauty of rural scenery.

(To be continued.)

CHISELED HEARTS.

WHY is it that poets make Cupid a little archer, sing of his swiftness, and rhyme him in with hearts and darts, and painters pin pretty golden wings to his shoulders that he may fly, but, before they finish him, tie a bandage over his eyes to hinder him? After all this trammeling, lovers so fear his weapons that they stand trembling in the presence of their fair ones, fainting from the supposed loss of blood which the fatal stab has caused!

Now we do not believe that Master Cupid is any such fairy-like abstraction as he is presented to be, but a real *bona fide* matter-of-fact personage, one whom the ladies would do well to treat with common courtesy, at least. Such intangible wreaths of orange flower sentimentality will do very well to trim the ideal bridal cake, but seem quite out of place around the brown-bread loaf of every-day life.

Once on a time, our little fair-haired, sly-footed hero pulled the bandage from his eyes, turned geologist, and, with a basket, hammer, and chisels, went forth among the fair

ones of his village to examine their hearts, and, if possible, ascertain of what material they were made.

Coming to an elegant mansion, he gave the bell a pull, and was waited on by a servant girl. "Take my card to your mistress," said the geologist, "and tell her I am come to examine her heart."

The servant girl, though somewhat surprised, did as she was directed. Miss Clara — for Clara was the name of her mistress — was young, handsome, proud, and an heiress; and was at that very moment, by her sallies of wit, cutting sarcasms, and mild evasive answers, torturing a pale young student who had the presumption to sue for her hand.

She received the card with a haughty air, and jocosely said, "Show him up;" then resumed her coquettish flirtations with the student, alternately inspiring hope and awakening fear. So absorbed was she in this heart-blighting business, and so lightly fell the footsteps of the geologist along the carpeted halls, that he entered unperceived, and was soon chiseling away at her heart. It took but a few strokes of his hammer to enable him to decide upon its quality.

"Slate stone," said he, "and rather scaly also. Ah! this heart will never do for me — it is susceptible of only a light impression, and that is soon effaced; but it wounds, never to heal. I will write upon it, 'Know thyself,' but I suppose the injunction will soon be forgotten."

So the geologist departed, leaving the proud beauty to reap the reward of her flirtation.

He next came to a low, mean dwelling in the rear of a great thoroughfare. Seated near the only window in the room, was a pale, thin damsel, clad in a neat but humble attire. The shades of sadness fell darkly over her young brow, and often a deep sigh would escape her lips.

Her fingers were busily plying the needle, and, stitch after stitch, as the thread was drawn forth by her weary

hand, seemed to strike a telegraphic wire which recorded in heaven, "*Oppression of the poor.*"

The geologist struck one rap with his hammer on her heart — 't was all unheeded, no response was there, no elasticity. He tried to chisel — 't was cold, and hard, and heavy, and the print of both hammer and chisel was left. Upon a closer examination, he discovered that it was covered all over with indentations of various depths and figures.

"Poor girl!" said he to himself, "your heart, whatever it may be, is encased in lead; no wonder it looks hard, and cold, and dull, for such has been your lot in life, that this leaden shield was necessary to keep your heart from destruction; but if the rays of friendship could shine upon it, and the fires of love warm it, this leaden case would melt, and the gem within glow with a silver brightness. But I can not wait to bring about this change, I must find me a heart to-day, for I may lose all my sober judgment to-morrow, and be nothing but a winged Cupid again." So he wrote on it with a sharp style, "Blessed are they who mourn now, for they shall be comforted," and went his way.

He had not proceeded far before he perceived a group of young ladies standing near one of the street crossings, eagerly engaged in conversation. A brilliant brunette fixed his attention — she was richly dressed and sparkling with jewels.

"I must have a tap at her heart," said he, "for one would suppose by the setting that the gem was of great value."

So he glided up unperceived, and gave it a rap. A cracked, ringing sound saluted his ears! "What a mistake in judgment!" he exclaimed. "This heart, which I supposed was of gold, is nothing but plate brass, and poorly made at that! 'Tis hardly worth a scratch, but I will write on it, 'Tinkling cymbal' — fit heart for a belle!"

He next tried his hammer upon the heart of a damsel who stood beside the brunette. She was very fair, with a cold leaden eye and passive mien. At the first stroke of his chisel, pieces flew off into his face.

"This," said he, "is nothing but chalk. One might make a rough sketch with it, but could never produce a beautiful picture. 'Tis quite too earthy for me."

So he wrote "Fickleness" upon it, and turned his attention to a third figure in the group. She was a maid of thirty years, tall, trim, and neat, but there was a sort of preciseness and band-box air about her which at first quite intimidated him.

At length he summoned resolution to give her heart a slight rap, and soon learned that *action* was equal to reaction, for his hammer was repulsed with a violence proportionately to the force of the blow.

"Ah, me!" he exclaimed, "a marble heart, smooth and beautiful, but cold! 'Fit monument for buried hopes!' I must have something warmer."

The geologist now became quite discouraged, and was about to return home and give over the search, when the sound of music arrested his attention. It proceeded from the opposite side of the street. He listened, and the sounds grew more and more seraphic, till he imagined the performer must be angelic.

"How fortunate," said he, "that I did not retrace my steps, for here is, doubtless, just the heart for me—at any rate, I must try my chisel and hammer upon it."

He crossed the street, and, entering unperceived, was for a moment entranced with the superior loveliness of his charmer. He now took his hammer and chisel and began upon her heart, but not the least impression could he make upon it. There it was, unmoved, in all its brilliancy.

"This must be a diamond heart," said he, "and I will possess it. I will cut my own image on it and it

shall be mine forever." So he hammered and chiseled away, and his charmer sang on. The strokes grew harder and harder; his chisel became dull; the face of his hammer was broken; his arm was tired, and not even a faint outline of his own image appeared. "It will be all labor lost, after all," said he. "This heart, though it may be a diamond one, can never become assimilated with mine, and if I did possess it, I fear it would not make me happy. It seems to be a heart more for ornament than use. I must have both qualities in one." He would have written upon it, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," but the temper of his steel was too brittle!

He now resolved to search no farther, but in the retirement of his chamber reflect calmly and dispassionately on the subject, till he could come to some definite conclusion respecting the kind of heart he most needed, and could the most devotedly love.

While he was walking along in this contemplative mood, he came to a neat farm-house, which wore such an air of contentment through all its surroundings, that he determined to go in and rest himself. Giving a gentle tap at the door, it was opened by an artless damsel, who gave him a cordial welcome, and perceiving that he was weary, brought him a cup of cold water. Her cheek was radiant with the hue of health, and though her eyes shone out the peace and light of the soul, her face was brimful of the "milk of human kindness."

The thought soon suggested itself to our traveler that he would try the heart of this simple girl, so he rapped lightly upon it. The response was full and clear.

"This is good metal," said he, "I know it by the ring;" so he continued to hammer it. In a short time it grew warm. "Ah!" said he, "there is life here." Soon sparks were elicited. "There is an active, undying principle here!"

He now tried his chisel upon it; the strokes were bold and the impression full — no roughness, no brittleness — he could cut it where he pleased, write his own thoughts there; the impress was permanent, yet the heart was warm, ductile, but *firm*.

"I am a happy man at last," said he; "this heart is *iron*. It will endure all suffering, brave all danger, and fit itself to any emergency, and though it is not brilliant like the diamond, or fair to look upon like the marble, 't is susceptible of a far higher polish. It will receive any temper I choose to give it. It will retain any impress — in short, I can make it into the finest steel, when it will be fit for the most ornamental as well as useful purposes. Yes, give me the iron heart, so firm, yet malleable. It can warm and melt, and purer grow till it reflects my own image, and yet be iron still. I will engrave my name upon it, and none shall dispute my claim." So saying, he drew a magnet over it, and the simple iron heart became attracted to him with an unalterable attachment.

MORAL.

Select a heart of metal sure,
Then mold it to your will,
Worth, more than beauty, will endure,
And yet be beauty still.

HELEN MAR.

COUNTRY VISITORS IN THE CITY.

I NOTICED in the Cultivator of the 1st of August an article by J. C. Bateham, on "Entertaining Visitors in the Country," trying to impress upon the minds of country people the advantages of a more intimate acquaintance with their city friends, the way they should treat them, etc. Now this may be well enough as far as the city folks are concerned, but she does not say how the country folks should be treated when they visit the city. Although I have intimate acquaintances in towns and cities, and nothing delights me more

than to be visited by them, and am always treated very kindly after the city fashion, when I return the favor, yet as customs now stand, I think exchanging visits with our city friends is altogether a one-sided business. I will try and draw a picture of both sides, as near true to life as I can, and we will see if it don't look a little one-sided. For instance:

We have had repeated invitations to visit our cousin Smiths in the city. At length husband and I, after he has his corn husked, and his fall work pretty much done, his pork sold, and got a little money, conclude we will respond to their invitation, make them a visit, and see all the lions of the city. We gear up the carriage, and drive in, perhaps a good day's drive, arrive at the door, ring the bell, and in five or ten minutes Bridget comes to the door, and if her mistress has told her to say she is at home, we are invited into the parlor, where we wait with a great deal of patience for the appearance of our friends. Mrs. Smith and her two daughters, Jane and Julia, at length appear, are very glad to see us indeed, tell husband there is an excellent livery stable just around the corner, where his horse and carriage will be well taken care of, and brought to the door again whenever we want it.

Smith is at his store or office, and we don't see him till we think it is bed-time. We have to sit up two or three hours later — but then we are very agreeably entertained; Jane and Julia play on the piano, and Smith plays the flute.

Next day we wish to see the lions; the carriage is brought round, and one or both of the girls go with us. We see a great many nice things, visit several places of public exhibition, museum of natural curiosities, etc., etc., but I notice that husband always has to pay for the whole party. We come back delighted with what we have seen, but hungry and tired. Husband, by way of a gentle hint that he should like to have some oysters

for supper, ventures to ask if there are any good ones in town, (for by the way, you must know that he was raised not out of reach of salt water, and knows the luxury of a good Chesapeake oyster.)

"Oh! yes," says Julia, "they have delightful oysters just down on Fifth street. Ma, do go with them to that nice oyster saloon, and get some."

Ma, too, has seen the white caps of the Chesapeake, and knows all about oysters. All right, we go down and have some nice ones, sure enough, but husband has the bill to foot.

After tea, I venture to mention the theater — am afraid it will hardly do to go; afraid it will not chord well with our little stock of Quakerism, but both girls speak up, and say:

"Oh, yes! do go, Mrs. . . . , the great star actress is to play to-night; it won't hurt you to go once, we will go with you."

So we take them at their word, and husband is relieved of a couple of dollars more, and we are all well pleased. Thus two or three days are spent, during which time we see a great many nice things, nice dress patterns, nice bonnets, etc., that we had not thought of before, but now conclude we will call round at Smith's store, and get something nice for the children at home — they will be so pleased to have something new from the city. The goods are very nice, indeed, and then Smith is so very polite in showing them, that I soon find I have run up a bill of twenty or thirty dollars; but then we are his particular friends, he throws off ten per cent., and it is all right.

Some how Smith does not seem near so polite and friendly during the remainder of our visit, is very sleepy in the evenings, and has but little to say. After having spent a few days very pleasantly, we pay our bill at the livery stable, order the horse and carriage round, and start home, highly delighted with our visit, but forced to the conclusion that visiting in the city

is rather expensive to be indulged in often by those who get their living by the plow.

The next summer the Smiths return the visit. If they come in their own conveyance, they are met at the gate by all the family, (Bridget ain't about — we do our own work,) and receive a rough but cordial welcome; their horses are taken to the stable by the boys, and fed with fresh hay and corn to their fill. Or, if they come by railroad, a note is sent some days before, stating the time they will arrive, and husband goes with a carriage to meet them, sees their baggage is got off right, and drives them directly to our house, feeling a great pride, as he goes along, that he has got a load of city visitors. Or if no note is sent to apprise us of their arrival, a messenger is sent from the depot to say they have come, even if it should be in the night, and raining; the boys are called up, the horses are brought from the pasture, and they are hauled home over a stumpy road, at the imminent risk of breaking the carriage, for they could not think of staying at the station and lodge at a country tavern.

Then after they have got sufficiently rested from their journey, say two or three days, we take them around to see our friends. Smith, perhaps, thinks he has a notion of buying a farm, and husband stops the plow and goes round with him to see some half dozen, none of which seem to suit.

As for us women folk, we have to stay pretty much at home, trying to cook something nice for them. The boys are called on to catch chickens for them, because they say how nicely we can fry them, and the cream gravy is excellent; that they can not get such in the city. And so it is with our pies, puddings, preserves, jellies, butter, etc. They appear to enjoy every thing so much, that it is our delight to try to please them.

Jane and Julia romp in the meadow and through the orchard, and if there is a choice apple, plum or pear tree,

Lawton blackberry, fine raspberry or grape vine, that we have been taking pains to cultivate for years, and have just begun to ripen their first fruit, they are sure to clean them off, for, they say, "It is so delightful to pick the fruit fresh from the stem."

In this way after spending a few weeks with us, the carriage is geared up, and they are taken to the station so much improved in health, appearance, and spirits, that we are perfectly delighted that they have enjoyed themselves so well, and that the country air has benefitted them so much. And, at the same time, it has cost them much less than it would have cost them to live the same length of time at home, and then they can always make it convenient to make such visits at a season of the year when there is little or no business in the city.— *Ohio Cultivator*.

EARLY RISING.

HEALTH and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people, as evidence of its good effects on the general system. Can any of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good and conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early; but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or a convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself. There is a large class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—the thirsty folk, for example, who drink liquor until midnight, and rise early to get more! One of our earliest recollections is that of "old soakers" making their "devious way" to the grog-shop or the tavern bar-room before sunrise for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomi-

itants: to retire early, and on rising, to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid—has traveled the world over for health, and has never regained it, nor ever will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early, is that the stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day can not be properly performed, will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early, that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open; nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep, until the sense of weariness passes from the limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the

glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable, than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step toward degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health in early rising itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.

NOT RIGHT BECAUSE WE THINK SO.

THE mill was doing a great business that day, when Jack and David Jamieson rode up with their bag of corn to be ground. They lived on a small farm five miles off the main roads, and were therefore not sorry at the prospect of waiting several hours for their grist. It gave them a chance of seeing something of the liveliness and bustle of "The Corner," as that part of the village was called where the tavern, store, and mill stood. They ran about here and there, and saw and heard a great deal.

At last, a heavy shower coming on,

they went back to the mill to eat their lunch, and see when their turn came. The miller's son and the squire's son were engaged in a brisk talk, which soon took Jack's attention. David went to look after the corn. The miller's son was urging with the squire's son the importance of finding what truth the Bible enjoined, which the squire's son parried by saying, it "*was no matter what a man believed, provided he's sincere.*"

The rattling, off-hand tone of the young man pleased Jack, and he wished *he* could talk so. Would n't he shut up his grandfather? Yes, that he would. "*No matter what a man believes, provided he's sincere,*" said Jack to himself, bridling up, and bracing up his conscience against the godly conversation of his relations. "He'd fix 'em now," he said, with a slight cant of the head.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the boys' grist was ready, when the old mare was brought out of the shed, the bag hoisted on her back, and Jack and David both mounted her — bag, boys, and mare homeward bound.

"You've got a longer ride ahead than I wish you had, boys," said the miller, casting his eyes toward a black cloud which was rising and darkening the western sky. "There's plenty of water up there for my mill."

The mare set briskly off, and was soon lost to sight among the windings of the forest road. But the gloom gathered faster than the horse trotted, and it was quite dark when they reached a fork in the road where it might make considerable difference which road they took home. One was the traveled road. This way there was a good bridge over Bounding Brook, a mountain stream, which was often dangerously swelled by the spring rains. It was the safest, though the longest way home. The other was a wood path through the pines, often taken by farmers living on the east side of the town, to

shorten the distance to the Corner. In this road Bounding Brook was crossed by fording.

"Father told us to be sure and take the traveled road, if 't was late," said David.

"Going to," said Jack; and the mare stopped at the fork, as if to let the boys be sure which road to take.

In fact, Jack was a little confused. The windings of the road with nothing but woods on each side, and, of course, no distinct landmarks to govern him; the gloom of night hiding what objects might serve to direct him, together with his small acquaintance with the road, did puzzle the boys, although Jack, being the older of the two, with a dash of pride about him, would not own it. As the mare stopped, he came to a conclusion, and whipped up. "All right!" he cried.

"Are you sure?" asked David.

"This way, I know," answered Jack.

"I don't know," said David; "let me jump off and run down to that light yonder, and ask; there must be a cabin there, and folks."

"Oh, we can't stop for all that," said Jack. "I honestly believe this is the traveled road, David, and that's enough; can't you trust me?"

"But your honestly believing it don't make it so," muttered David.

"I haven't a doubt of it, Dave; you be still!" cried Jack, angrily.

"I think we ought to ask, so as to be sure," persisted David.

But Jack whipped up, and poor David's fears and words went to the winds, as gust after gust of the coming shower roared through the forest, and Jack urged the horse to all the speed which her heavy load would allow, on and on through the dark woods. Jack was well pleased with the correctness of his hasty decision about the way; and the farther he went, the more and more confirmed was he that it was the right way.

Presently the roaring of Bounding Brook arose above the rattlings of the woods. "A switch over the

mare's haunches, and we shall be over the bridge in a jiffy!" cried Jack; "and then, old fellow, what'll you say?"

David privately muttered, "I'd like to feel myself over," when, a few more canters, and — Jack, David, meal, and mare went floundering in the raging waters of the swollen stream, pitch dark, the storm on them, and miles from human help.

The first few moments of horrible suspense it were in vain to paint. Jack at last found himself anchored on a log of drift wood, the icy waters breaking over him, and the bridle still fast in his hand. "David!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "David!"

"The Lord have mercy!" cried David, "I'm somewhere."

The meal? ah! that was making a pudding in some wild eddy of the Bounding Brook, far below.

"No matter what a man believes, provided he's sincere," cried poor Jack, thoroughly drenched and humbled. "It's the biggest lie the devil ever got up. It is matter. *Being right* is the main thing. Sincerity don't save a fellow from the tremendous consequences of being wrong — that it don't. Then what's the use of all a fellow's sincerity? It can't get him out of a scrape; he's got to *take* it. Lord help us! Didn't I honestly believe I was on the bridge of the traveled road, when I was like going to perdition in the ford of the wood path?"

And the woeful disaster of that night completely and forever cured poor Jack of a popular error which has pitched many a poor soul into the wilder surges of unbelief and irreligion.— *Child's Paper*.

GIVE YOUR CHILDREN BOOKS.

BOOKS are the cheapest teachers, and often the best. He who would have his children become good scholars, and grow up thoughtful and

intelligent men, should provide them with books; not mere school books, nor learned treatises on religion or government, but books such as children can understand, the Rollo Books, Peter Parley's, or Jacob Abbott's histories, and as they grow older, larger works of history, biography, travels, science, and philosophy. Five dollars well spent for books will often advance a family of children, more than a full year's schooling.

I well remember with what a wild joy I once, in boyhood, greeted my father's return from a visit to the city where at an auction he had purchased a bundle of new books. Among them were Sherwood's Stories, Robin's Journal, and two volumes, entitled Scenes in Asia, and Scenes in America. How, through the long winter evenings I pored over those books! How the mind swelled with the new ideas it drank in! How I spelled away at the hard words, conquering in my zeal whole hosts of difficulties in the art of reading; and, better than all, kindling a thirst for reading and knowledge that lured me on and on, till I had mastered a course of college.

I do not mean to deny the need of school instruction; but the training of the school-room will be robbed of half its difficulties, and multiplied greatly in its results, if children are provided with books which will interest and instruct them.

CARRIE ORMAND; OR, THE ELDER SISTER.

BY COUSIN THINKER.

CHAPTER I.

"How much with humble faith and purpose true,
The loveliest daughters of our land may do."

MRS. ELLIS.

"Nor look, nor tone revealeth aught,
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet, around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might."

CARRIE ORMAND had now entered her seventeenth year. Possessing a sweet and gentle disposition, and a mild and forgiving temper,

Carrie secured to herself a wide circle of friends, whose hearts throbbed with a warmer impulse as they would listen to the eloquent accents which fell from her lips. She was beautiful withal; and, to the casual beholder, there was something remarkably attractive in the twinkle of her dark blue eyes, and the silken masses of her rich, brown hair, which shaded a brow of intellectual beauty. She was one of those happy, loving spirits, whose radiant smile would chase gloom from many a saddened heart; and who, at the date of our sketch, was quickly developing those womanly traits and virtues which are so pre-eminent in the character of a faithful sister and loving daughter. Yet, cheerful and buoyant in spirits as seemed Carrie outwardly, there was a grief which she nourished in her own bosom, and which was gnawing like a canker into her heart.

Carrie Ormand was an orphan; and, although a twelvemonth had elapsed since the spires of grass first nodded to the breath of the evening zephyr over her dear mother's grave, yet it seemed but yesterday when the words, "Dust to dust" fell on her ears. And how fresh in Carrie's mind were her mother's dying words and blessing: "Carrie, my daughter, I confide to your gentle keeping the care of my dear ones. I believe no one can watch over them with the tenderness of a sister. Dear daughter, God has endowed you with a woman's feelings in your young years, and He will give you strength to bear all. May His blessing rest upon you, and when life's task is finished, may you meet me in that land 'where families ne'er break up.'"

True, this was no light task for one so young as Carrie, yet she commenced her duties with the spirit and devotion of a matured and experienced person. And a lovely and happy group was that to which Carrie assumed the two fold relation of a sister and mother; which, together with her father's endearing words, did

much to encourage her in co-operating with him in the training of these young minds.

Frank, the youngest of the household, was a blithe, sprightly little fellow, whose ringing laugh struck like music upon Carrie's ears; Fanny — father's pet — was a sweet, amiable girl of ten, who possessed her mother's fair complexion and radiant eyes; and Morris, a boy of fifteen, with a noble spirit and a wild ambition, had many glaring faults, but still possessed much that gave promise of a noble manhood. To calm and curb the strong impulsive feelings of Morris, was the daily study of Carrie, and she looked upon him with eager hopes, yet with many a thought of anxiety for the future.

Little did she think how hard a task it would be to aid his undeveloped energies and give his mind a course that should form for him a character of strength and decision; yet, who better adapted for the task than she? Being but two years his senior, and his constant companion from the cradle to the present period, she understood well the natural tendency of his mind; besides, her tenderness and softness of spirit admirably enabled her to soften the harshness of advice without creating pain. Well could she sympathize with him in his sufferings, and well could her plastic hand mold him after her own loveliness.

Morris loved that elder sister with a most tender affection, yet he was sometimes wayward, and would often thoughtlessly spurn the control of that guiding hand. This did not discourage Carrie in her efforts; yet, as she thought upon his faults in secret, the hot, scalding tears would flow free and fast, and she inwardly prayed that the seeds she was sowing in his heart, might spring up and bear fruit.

Morris felt there was no affection more enduring than his sister's, and the soft cadences of her voice fell softly upon his heart. Like an angel

she was ever by his side at home, the sweetener of every joy, and the sharer of every transient shadow. To her alone did he open the innermost recesses of his heart; and every joy seemed dearer, and every grief lighter in which she took a part. And when the siren hand of pleasure beckoned him, or the enticing voice of ambition called, who, like Carrie, would act as a charm upon his senses, and restrain the fiery ardor of his youthful years? In sickness, when the hand of disease pressed heavily upon his brow, whose hand so welcome as her's to wipe away the clammy sweat, or fan with such untiring assiduity the fevered brow? whose eye but Carrie's met the languid gaze with such love and sympathy when he awoke from his brief slumbers? or who so attentive as her in giving the cooling beverage, or administering the healing medicine? And, when the crisis of the disease was over, and he finally became convalescent, whose arm but Carrie's supported him as he walked up and down the gravelly walk in the garden, and inhaled into his lungs the fresh, unadulterated air? As Morris would think over, at twilight, of the numberless acts of love and affection his sister had bestowed upon him, the crimson hue of shame would mount to his brow, and he would inwardly reproach himself for his many acts of unkindness toward her.

As a daughter, Carrie was indeed affectionate and loving. When her father came home from business in the evening, she would sympathize with him in their bereavement, and act as a balm to his wounded spirit. Mr. Ormand loved to look upon the graceful form of his daughter as she flitted lightly around the room, and saw in her developing character many of her mother's noble qualities. Carrie learned music, not to help "pass away" a few weary hours, but to make a valuable use of it — to entertain her brothers, and gladden her father's heart. When all was gloomy and cheerless without, and the autumn

winds moaned dolefully through the half stripped branches of the tall elms which overshadowed their cottage, Carrie would gaily flit to her piano forte, run her fingers lightly over the keys, and Fannie's soft tones would accompany her own with the notes, while Morris would sometimes lend his rich bass voice to the chorus. What a beautiful sight to see brothers and sisters blending their voices together in sweet harmonious melody—it is one around which angels love to hover.

Carrie was a lover of the beautiful in nature; and after carefully depositing the tiny seed in the soft soil, she watched with a childish eagerness its maturity. She loved to flee from domestic duties a few minutes each day in the spring and summer, and train the clambering rose and running vine to climb the trellis work her brother Morris had constructed for her. Attention to a garden she considered as a truly feminine amusement, and loved to cultivate a taste for botany, and a knowledge of plants and flowers. In addition to the pleasure she found in this vocation, there was much to cheer her mind and invigorate her spirits in the fresh breezes, and would "look from nature up to nature's God," as she gazed upon the thousand and one charming pictures which dame nature had afforded.

In the morning, when the dew was heavy on the grass, and the violet's cheek glistened in the glittering sunbeams, Carrie might be seen equipped in her morning gown, wending her way along the narrow foot-paths of their garden, picking a boquet for her empty vase, or looking over and over again her different beds of flowers, enjoying the mingled perfume of the violet and the rose, ever and anon casting a sly glance to the feathered songster on the bough over her head. She would flit like a nymph among the leafy bowers, and, had you seen her, you would have thought with the poet,

"Not a flower was blooming there,
Sweet as herself, or half so fair."

CHAPTER II.

"We linger while we turn away,
We cling while we depart,
And memories unmarked till then
Come crowding on the heart.
Let what will lure our onward way,
Farewell's a bitter word to say."

Two years more have passed, and in the character of Carrie Ormond we see fully developed all that is noble and lovely in woman. She still presides with the same unwavering dignity in the household, and her affection is as ardent for those under her protection as in by-gone days. Mr. Ormond is now justly proud of his daughter; and, although he has met with some reverses in business, still his heart throbs with the same warm devotion toward the motherless group. During this period, Carrie has received many attentions from the opposite sex, and when asked to share another's home, she whispered softly, "Not yet,"—for her mother's dying words still rung in her ears, and she could not leave those bright rose-buds which were unfolding under her tender care.

Morris has grown into a tall, handsome youth. Through his sister's instrumentality, he has acquired a firm decisiveness of purpose rarely to be found in one at this critical stage of life. Beautiful and accomplished, he elicited respect and esteem from all; and the mild urbanity of his temper, together with the rich refinement of his mind and pleasing address, made him a valuable member of the society in which he moved. No one loved Morris with a deeper affection than did his sister Carrie; and those seemed to be the proudest moments of her life when she leaned upon his strong arm, or communed with his heart in the still, serene hour of twilight.

* * * * *

It is evening; the July sun has thrown its scorching rays upon the parched soil all the long day, so that the cool, invigorating air of twilight seems a happy contrast to the warm temperature of mid day. It was

upon such an evening that Carrie and Morris were sitting together — the last time for months to come — in the vine-covered summer-house of their garden. Together they watched the golden orb as it descended to its goal, and marked the clouds variegated by its reflecting beams as it disappeared below the horizon. It is at such a time that nature breathes her holiest influence — what fitter period for these two dear ones to hold sweet communion with each other? In another hour the swift locomotive would convey that dear boy away from the home of his childhood, a tender sister's sympathy, and a father's unceasing love, to the metropolis, to enter upon the responsible position of a confidential clerk and book-keeper in his uncle's store. The trunk, packed by Carrie's hand, was in the hall, and the "parting hour" had arrived. It was a hard struggle to murmur "Good-by," and, as the moments passed on, the copious tears fell free and fast. Then followed the "gentle pressure," the "long, long kiss," the "adieu," and that beloved brother was gone — gone perhaps forever!

Sad indeed was that night to Carrie Ormond. Although the earthly idol of her heart was torn from her presence, the sweetener of her life, yet she bore it with a heroic courage, for fate had ordered it thus. That night she retired with a mournful heart; and when at last sleep closed her eyelids in slumber, her distant brother's form was still the image of her midnight visions.

* * * * *

After a few hours' travel, Morris arrived at his place of destination. In a few days he entered upon the duties of his position, and soon won the respect and admiration of the clerks, and the confidence of his uncle. Although he boarded in his uncle's family, and found much pleasure and enjoyment in the company of his cousins, yet he felt truly there was "no place like home." A few days after his arrival, he received a cheering letter from

Carrie, from which we quote an extract:

DEAR BROTHER MORRIS: — I was overjoyed to know, by your affectionate letter, of your safe arrival in New York, and your happy reception by uncle and his family. You are dear to me, Morris, as my own life; and during the few brief years that have elapsed since our dear mother's death, our lives have flowed in the same channel.

"Brother! would that I were near thee,
Whispering warmer words to cheer thee;
Happy as in cheerful childhood,
When we wandered through the wildwood.

* * * * *

Orphans — though the world oppress thee,
And its wearing woes distress me,
Never, while we love each other,
And are worthy of our mother,
Can we be unblessed, my brother?"

God knows how I have attempted to serve to you the duties of a sister. Would I had been more faithful to my trust. * * * * * Possessing a pure and lofty intellect, from you is expected a life of high aims and noble efforts. Endeavor to be true to your fellow-men, yourself, and your Maker. Let this be the noble effort of your life — to make the earth wiser, happier, and better. Dear Morris, I have loved to think of you in my day-dreams, and lay down plans for your future life. You are now left to act from the promptings of your own frank heart; and for your sake and mine, dear brother, let your decisions and purposes of life be noble and lovely — befitting a human being possessed of the rare gifts with which you are endowed.

CHAPTER III.

"She took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter 't was to drain;
She put it meekly from her lip,
And went to sleep again."

THE summer had passed, and autumn reigned supreme, when disease entered the household of Mr. Ormond, and selected as its victim the fairest flower — the gentle and loving Carrie. She felt its clutching grasp, and with a sad heart broke the secret to her father, who lost no time in bringing in the family physician. In a short time fever set in; and Mr. Ormond, fully aware that his daughter needed the attentions of an experienced nurse, sent immediately for her aunt who resided in a neighboring town. Carrie's every want was supplied, and every thing that a kind father could

do, was done for her restoration; yet it was with a saddened look he marked the gradual progression of the fever, notwithstanding the strict attention she received from physicans and loving friends; and being now doubtful as to her recovery, with a drooping heart he telegraphed to Morris her critical position.

Upon the following day the crisis of the disease had arrived, but its phases were for the worse. Mr. Ormond had, up to this time, entertained a hope of her recovery, but now, alas! that cherished hope was rudely blasted, and he gave way almost to despair. At this time Morris arrived — how marked the contrast to his happy departure! Now a death-like stillness pervaded the house; and his dog Rover, as he passed him on the doorstep, rose to receive his master's familiar pat, and then bent his head sorrowfully. As Morris wended his way to his sister's room, he found the inmates of the house moving softly around, all wearing a look of the deepest grief.

Entering Carrie's chamber, his heart was smitten with a sharp pang as he saw her reclining upon the couch, with her spare, wan face and sunken eyes. Bending lovingly over her, he impressed a kiss upon her cheek. Carrie returned the warm smile of recognition, pressed his hand, whispered a word or two, and then closed her eyes in slumber.

A few hours elapsed, and friends saw that the life of Carrie Ormond was fast waning to its close. At this time reason had almost departed, yet a heavenly smile reposed upon her countenance. Though most of this time she was comparatively easy, yet she suffered acutely at intervals. Morris gazed upon the sweet countenance of his sister with an unceasing vigilance. In a few moments' meeting his father's gaze, he whispered:

"How sweetly she reposes. I have never known her to sleep so calmly before, dear father."

"Calm indeed are her slumbers,"

said Mr. Ormond, bending forward, and laying his hand softly upon the marble brow of his daughter. "Morris, she sleeps now, I trust, in the bosom of her Saviour."

And thus, in the silence of a September night, as the pale moon cast its melancholy beams through the venetian blinds of the chamber window, and naught was heard without but the low wind playing a mournful dirge through the branches of the elms, passed away the spirit of Carrie Ormond. Morris murmured, "Happy Carrie!" as he wept over the cold form; for he saw her spirit in imagination entering the golden gates of those heavenly regions where dwell the blest.

Thus passed away a faithful sister and affectionate daughter; and the family has lost a link which can never be replaced. The mingled web of life receives the hue of a new and darker thread, and that group will never be as joyful as in days past.

It was a lovely September day when that funeral procession moved solemnly toward the cemetery. The low murmur of the rippling wave, was heard from the adjacent brooklet, and, as the soft breeze passed through the overhanging chesnut branches, that threaded the roadway, the search-leaves floated noiselessly to the ground, covering it with their varied hue.

As the coffin was lowered into the "narrow house appointed for all living," Morris moaned as though his heart would break. He retired from the burying-ground with new and better impulses, and nobler resolves, trusting that his life and death might be like hers.

Sister or daughter, to you we have a word. This is no common station you hold, and your sphere being next in rank to the mother, you have no light duties to perform. Be faithful to your trust as was Carrie Ormond, and your name and memory will be cherished when the green sod presses hard upon your bosom.

SEPT. 22, 1858.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

MANY have gone to the sea-shore, or to watering-places, to get more vigorous health and better appetites. Neither in summer or winter, do we want a more comfortable or enjoyable place than Gotham, anywhere in the neighborhood of Union and Madison squares. One of the most desirable localities is Irving Place, the coolest, cleanest, and perhaps one of the most quiet streets in the city, half as broad again as Chestnut street of Philadelphia, only six blocks long, headed by Gramercy Park above, with Fourteenth street and the Academy of Music at the other end, within one block of Union Square and two blocks of Stuyvesant Park, with the sea-breezes from the broad Atlantic a few miles to the eastward, and not a shop or store, but one, in its whole length, lined with residences on either side, generally owned by those who occupy them—we verily believe that people who can not make themselves comfortable there, even in the hottest summer, must have dyspepsia, and could not be made comfortable anywhere. Twelve cents will purchase a ride of two or three miles and back, north or south, and twelve cents more a jaunt to Greenwood and back, or a trip down the Bay of six or eight miles, to Staten Island, or the Narrows; and more than these, the opportunity, any day or hour, of a walk, dry-shod, of as many miles as may be desired, whereas, in the winter, a walk in the country is impracticable. In the summer-time, we admit that an early walk under green trees, and beside the running streams, with the happy twittering of innumerable birds, is delightful to think of; but the realization is not delightful at all, for the dews of the grass and the dust of the road return the pedestrian with boots so soiled, and skirts so draggled, that the operation is not repeated in a season. If we wait until the dew has dried from the grass, the sun beams down so in-

sufferably hot, that we are not tempted from the house at all; and from eleven until three, we literally pant and swelter, even at Far Rockaway.

To gain health, and large mental profit at the same time, we advise all who can, to ride on horseback, in companies of two or three of congenial minds, and travel directly west to the Missouri, or to Kansas on the other side, in easy stages of thirty-three miles a day, lying by for three or four hours in the middle of the day, making short excursions on foot, or conversing with the neighbors about the climate, soil, productions, and character of the locality, and its inhabitants; returning by a route rather different, either striking across to the north-east from Independence, or St. Joseph's, up to Superior City in Minnesota, at the south-western extremity of Lake Superior, destined, by the way, we think, to be a second Chicago; or deflecting to the south, strike on Memphis, thence across Tennessee, through the beautiful City of the Cedars, Nashville, thence across the mountains on the great turnpike to Chattanooga and Knoxville—taking care to call on that most amiable, accomplished artist in ivory miniature, James W. Dodge, who, in his mountain home, in White county, near Claysville, spends his summer in the cultivation of fruits and flowers, the taste for which is so nearly allied to that of painting. At Chattanooga, go to Table Rock, overlooking the town, said to be one of the most exquisitely beautiful and picturesque localities in the Old World or the New. Thence go to the Springs of Virginia, and onward home. Such a journey, entered upon with resolution, as to its effects on the mind and body, present and future, as laying the foundation for useful reflections in after years, to young men and old, sick or well, and to unmarried women, is utterly beyond comparison with the lazy, loafing, heating, gourmandizing, swilling, gambling life, which is more or less to be met with

at all public places of general summer resort.

To persons who have more means and time, or higher ambitions, we say: Go to Liverpool or Southampton, in some of our ocean steamers, at from fifty to a hundred and thirty dollars, according to the accommodations. Steamers to Southampton charge eighty dollars for first cabin fare, and fifty for second cabin. Put all your baggage in a common hand-valise, as we did, and snap your fingers at all custom-house officers, porters, hackmen, and robbers; go first to Bangor, in Wales, to the slate-quarries, Menai Bridge, etc., *on foot!* Thence to Dublin, and branch out in any direction. After seeing the ordinary sights, then turn your attention to the extraordinary ones, the most instructive, and such as never come under the notice of the common herd of excursionists — we mean the peat-bogs, the farms, the mud and stone houses by the way-side; go in and talk with the inmates, make yourself one of them, eat of their potatoes, sleep on their straw beds, and ask and answer all questions. In this way you will know something of the country and people you have visited, and will obtain subjects for remark, and illustration, and amusement for yourself, and children, and friends, for the remainder of a lifetime. If you have plenty of time to spare, go north to the linen factories of famed Belfast, to the Giant's Causeway, and across to the home of Burns, to Glasgow and stately Edinburgh; then make for London, *via* Abbotsford, Berwick-upon-Tweed, but save London for another season, if possible. It will take a whole year to map out London, and beautiful Paris another. Still, all may be done by two or three energetic young men in company, during the five or six months of summer, at an expense of less than four hundred dollars each.

We did it ourselves, and could do it the second time for less than three hundred. A more delightful time we

never spent: such an excitement, such joyousness, such vigor, such an appetite, and such sleep — such a glorious time we never had before, a younger brother along, unless it was when, some years before, we explored a wilderness in the Western wilds, and in six months never slept under a roof, or ate at a civilized table — sleeping on the ground, the sky a canopy, the Indians our hucksters. But as it is so easy to go down, we would not advise any unfledged youth to try the experiment of traveling among, and associating with savages. Our own country is the most picturesque and grand in the world; and that the summers of our youth, and men and women of leisure and means, and of our invalids, are spent in the enervating debaucheries of fashionable places of resort, instead of explorations such as we have named, is discreditable to our intelligence as a people, and is a degradation to our morals and physical nature, as individuals.

If there is not force of character enough to make these jaunts, or time, or means, or health do not allow, then go to some retired country place, from ten to a hundred miles away from all steamboat and railway lines, where board can be had for two dollars a week, and the daily use of a horse for several hours, at a still lower price, and spend every moment of that time on his back, with regular and rational habits of eating, drinking, and sleeping — taking also a liberal amount of manual and pedestrian exercises, in addition; then, and then only, may pleasure-seekers reasonably expect to return to the city with bodies and minds reinvigorated for the pursuits of business. But we have not failed, in some years, to notice that various persons who had returned from their summer jaunts, became suddenly ill and died; and such will be the history of others this season, simply because, on their return, they will eat with the appetite which was begotten by the constant

excitement of travel and exercise in the open air, while they are engaged in the old routine of business, with not one-tenth part of the exhilarating exercises so recently taken; and thus it is, that summer recreations result in but little permanent good. The remedy is, to be satisfied, at least for a month after returning to town, with two meals a day, eating nothing between times, and nothing later than four o'clock in the afternoon, with an hour or two's walk, or ride on horseback, or other exhilarating exercise in the open air, every day, rain or shine.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SCRAPS FROM HERE AND THERE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

“**H**OW far is it to the next town?” I asked of a real buckeye whom I met on the road, toward the close of a gloomy October day.

“Wall, stranger, I just exactly disremember that distance, this time,” said he, scratching his head.

This was not very definite, and as I was tired, and wished to know how far I had to travel over the bad roads before an opportunity of rest offered itself, I tried again, “Is there no tavern near?”

“Wall, if you keep right on, you'll come to Keister's after a spell.”

“How far is that?”

“We allow it's about three mile by the 'pike; but 'taint so far through the woods, by a great shakes.”

“Which way is the best?”

“Purty smart chance of mud either way, I reckon, but as for the track through the woods, you could n't find it, no how, unless I went to show you; and the water in the swamp is so high, by this time, that you'd have to swim or stay this side.”

“Thank you,” said I, moving on; “I think I will stick to the pike.”

As I proceeded, I soon saw before me a man traveling in the same direction with myself. He was moving

slowly, and with some apparent difficulty; though, as he noticed me, he appeared endeavoring to quicken his steps, and to conceal the halt with which he had been walking.

I soon overtook, and passed him. An old cloth cap was slouched over his face, and his coat and pants, which were of the finest broadcloth, and cut after the most approved style, were spattered with mud from heel to shoulder. A black silk cravat was tied carelessly round his neck, and half concealed a set of fine cambric ruffles, so soiled and tumbled as to show they had not felt the hand of a washerwoman or laundress for many a week. His appearance excited my curiosity; but he did not look up as I passed, and I hurried on to avoid a shower which was approaching. It soon began to rain, and presently after, I met a man running in the opposite direction, with the evident intention of finding shelter as soon as possible. A moment after he passed me, he called out, “Halloo, you chap there, you'd better *put ahead*, if you do n't want a pretty smart sprinkling!”

I looked back, and perceived that this was addressed to the individual just mentioned, who, apparently regardless of the shower, was moving on at the same slow pace as before. I half halted to give him an opportunity to come up, and share the shelter of my umbrella; but as he manifested no desire to do so, I hastened on, and soon found myself in front of Keister's.

This was a low, red building, with two rooms in front, and a log kitchen in the rear. The bar-room was occupied by the landlord,—a frank, hospitable-looking man, and two large dogs. On asking for supper, the landlord replied, “Our supper is just ready, will you *fork in* with us?”

I immediately consented, and was ushered into the kitchen, one side of which was occupied by an enormous fire-place, in which a large fire was blazing the most confident defiance to the rain which was drizzling through

the open-mouthed chimney. On each side, the log walls were studded with long rows of hams and dried beef, interspersed with braids of seed corn, and various kitchen utensils, while above, from various hooks and poles, were suspended heavy strings of dried apples, peaches, pears, and pumpkins, together with many enormous links of sausages, which looked ready to "drop fatness" upon the happy passer-by. The ample hearth was covered with pots, kettles, spiders, and the like, smoking from the savory viands of which they had just been relieved; while the table groaned beneath a heterogeneous mass of the earth's bounties. There were fowls, and ham, and eggs, and cold meat and vegetables, and hot rolls, and buckwheat cakes, and sauces, and pickles, and pies, and samp and milk, and, amid all, that everlasting cup of molasses, with which every one in this vicinity is expected to season his food, of whatever kind it may be.

After supper I returned to the bar-room, and found that the individual I had passed on the road had arrived, and occupied a seat near the fire. With a hand of almost feminine delicacy, he was removing from his feet a pair of coarse shoes, much worn, and laden with mud. A ragged and dirty silk stocking was next drawn off, and exposed a foot, small and delicate like the hand, but swollen and lacerated to a degree that rendered it painful to behold.

"You have traveled some distance," said the landlord.

"Some," was the brief and repulsive reply, and folding his drenched garments around him, he leaned back and gazed gloomily into the fire.

He was a young man, with a pale face, almost to ghastliness, and an expression of settled melancholy upon his features. To the questions, if he would have something to bathe his feet,—if he wished for supper, or a bed, he returned a short negative, and remained without altering his position until I retired.

The next morning the strange guest was still there, and remained during the day, eating nothing, and sullenly repelling all attempts at conversation.

In the evening, as I sat in the kitchen amusing myself among the dogs and children, a young man, who performed the double office of bar-keeper and hostler, entered.

"There's something wrong about that there chap in the bar-room," said he; "you can't get nothing out of him no how, and he haint eat a mouthful since he came into the house."

"I have been thinking the same thing myself," said the landlord, who had followed him in. "What's your opinion about him, stranger?"

"There is certainly something singular about him," I replied; "I do not know what to think of him."

"Well, I'll try hard, but I'll find out," and the landlord turned on his heel and entered the bar-room.

"You have not eaten any thing to-day, I believe," said he.

The young man did not at first appear to notice this remark, but seeing that his host had fixed his eye keenly upon him, and awaited an answer, he asked gloomily, "Does that cause you to feel hunger, sir?"

"No, certainly, but there must be some reason for your remaining so long without food, and I am anxious to know what it is."

Receiving no answer to this and several other remarks, the landlord returned into the kitchen, and filling a tray from the supper-table, carried it in, and sat it down beside him. Of this no notice was taken, and after waiting an hour or two, he asked him why he did not eat his supper.

The face of the young man grew flushed, and he exclaimed, "I have no money; why do you torment me continually with you offers of food? I know very well you would make me no such offer, if you did not expect the meal to be backed up by the hard cash. If you choose to turn me out of doors, do so—you will

only have a little less trouble in removing my dead carcase from your premises; and this you will be forced to do, for I have no strength to do it myself."

After many ineffectual attempts, and the manifestation of a real interest in his welfare, which no selfishness or hope of remuneration could possibly call forth, our kind host succeeded in prevailing upon him to eat; and he afterward gleaned from him the following particulars of his history:

He had belonged, it appeared, to one of those families, so lamentably numerous in our country, who possess wealth and pride sufficient to keep up an appearance of splendor, and to rear their children without suffering them to *disgrace* themselves by labor, and who spend their all in doing this. As he grew up, he found himself, with habits of luxury, and a meager fortune, thrown upon his own resources.

After a time he became a jeweler in one of our eastern cities; but, unaccustomed to application, and without business tact, he very naturally failed in a few years. With more honesty than many who have been reared in the same way, he gave up all that he possessed into the hands of his creditors, and, with a few dollars in his pocket, set off for the west; where his friends now reside. His money was soon exhausted; article after article of his clothing was pawned, until all had disappeared, save what he still wore, and at last, reduced to beggary, he had asked for food and shelter, and been tauntingly refused.

Proud and disheartened, he resolved that he would ask no farther favors from a selfish and heartless world—that he would no longer seek that subsistence which it had denied him, or to preserve that life which he considered a burden. Several days had already elapsed since he had tasted food. Until the preceding evening he had continued his journey, but finding himself unable to travel farther, and expecting that a short time would

terminate his existence, he had determined to end it here.

Aroused from the despair to which he had yielded, and soothed and cheered by the benevolent attention of our host, he remained under his roof until he was once more able to travel, and then departed with many a blessing and a fresh courage which may be remembered through his whole life.

* * * * I landed at the place from which I last wrote, one pleasant evening, intending to take the morning train for the west. I was a stranger and alone, and took the first omnibus that offered, and was set down in front of the Hotel. I had been rambling among the territories and mines of the north and west; and the exterior of the building did not strike me, nor was I alarmed at the filth which appeared in the hall. To these I had become accustomed; but the coarse, uncereemonious manner in which I was ordered up stairs, was new, for I had met with politeness from the roughest inhabitants of Prairiedom.

I, however, did as I was bidden; and groping, without a guide, through the dark halls, at last found a room, which looked as if it might have been used for a ladies' parlor. There were chairs, tables, etc., but these were all. Neither bells nor attendants were anywhere to be found, and after waiting long, and searching as diligently as I thought proper, I at last descended the muddy stairs, and picked my way through the halls, peering this way and that in search of some one, till at last I discovered a hostler lighting his lantern.

"What do you want?" growled he, as I paused at the door where he stood.

"I want some attention," replied I; "I wish to be shown to a room."

"Here's a woman wants a room," screamed he to some person in the distance, and directly a man appeared and took me through a winding-way, opening for my inspection a host of dark, unventilated closets of every

size and description. I at length discovered one which contained positively a whole window, and capacity sufficient to supply air for at least a portion of the night.

Wearied of my search, I dismissed my attendant, and, turning the key upon him, approached the window. Delightful! It looked upon the filthiest of all filthy back-yards, surrounded by a score of the most wretched and thickly-inhabited hovels that could be found in any city. And as a finish to this interesting item of discovery, there was a ladder ascending from the mud of this Gartarus, directly to my window.

The night was sultry as could well be imagined, and I had hoped for an occasional breath of air from this quarter, but the thing was out of the question. My nerves were not strong enough to sleep at the top of a ladder, rising from such a region, without any barrier to protect me; so closing the window, and fastening it as well as an ingenuity, already somewhat sharpened by necessity, could contrive, I retired to sleep as well as I was able. The night passed without interruption from *human animals*, and rising at an early hour in the morning, I waited long for a summons to breakfast, but no such summons came; and at last I threw open the door, and discovered a chambermaid at a little distance.

"When do you breakfast?" asked I.

"We breakfasted a great while ago," said she.

"And why was I not called?"

"Gracious!" said she; "I guess the bell rung hard enough for any thing."

Thinking I had lost little in missing the breakfast, I turned to another topic, and requested to see the landlord.

"He's down in the bar-room," replied the polite damsel.

"Well, I wish to see him," persisted I.

"Go down in the bar-room then," said she; "didn't I tell you he was there?"

"I am not in the habit of paying visits to bar-rooms," I replied. "Will you inform the landlord I wish to see him, or tell me where a waiter is to be found who will do it for me?"

"No, *ma'am*; I've got these 'ere beds to make, and I reckon folks can wait on themselves," and she disappeared to her task.

Once more I descended the stairs, and paused at the door of the bar-room, where the landlord stood dealing out draughts for his customers. He remained looking at me and whistling, as if he expected me to come along; but seeing I still waited, he came half way across the room, and asked what I wanted.

"I wish to leave here on the cars," said I.

"Well, you can go," and he resumed his whistling.

"Well, sir," said I indignantly, "will you see that I am taken to the cars, and that my baggage is put aboard?"

"Certain," said he; "Jim, put this woman aboard the cars," and a few moments after, I bade adieu to his hospitable roof.

On my return, thinking I would be more sure, I made an inquiry of a gentleman who had been introduced to me on the cars, with regard to the hotels in Finding that I was traveling under my own protection, and having doubtless before his eyes a terror of ladies' handboxes and other appurtenances, he recommended me to the S . . . , as nearest my place of destination.

Nothing doubting, I went, and from the door was ushered through a bar-room, filled with volumes of smoke, and a dim assemblage of human *craters* from whom these volumes proceeded, to a parlor up stairs. Things here were well enough in their way, and it seemed evident that they intended I should make myself *at home* for any length of time. This, however, I was not disposed to do; so I commenced a search for a bell, peering first behind the doors, and

afterward continuing to seek along the hall, but finding none. Not yet despairing, I turned into another hall at right angles with the one where I was located, and there, against the wall, beheld the object of my search. Nothing but a leather strap to be sure, but it gave evidence of having been often pulled, and I proceeded to pull it otherwise. At the moment of doing so, I seemed to hear in the distance the tolling of a bell, which, had I been in a Catholic country, I might have regarded as an evening call to prayers; yet this coincidence I did not notice till afterwards, and I stepped quietly back to await the servant I had summoned. Directly there came a rush of ravenous-looking men through the hall where I stood, and after glancing through a door at the end of it, they turned back with a look of disappointment, and sauntered along the piazza. This did not alarm me—I was a traveler, and used to seeing groups of men; so after waiting in vain for a few moments, I again extended my hand and pulled the string. Again a troop of men pressed through the hall, and turned back, as at first, from the door at its termination. This time one of them seated himself opposite me, and, folding his arms, fixed upon me an eye twinkling with fun. His look annoyed me. He seemed to wish exceedingly that I would pull that string again.

"Isn't this a bell rope?" asked I, looking inquiringly at him.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, bowing toward it, and waiting for my third trial of its summoning powers. Still I scowled upon him, determined to know what right he had to look so much amused, and presently, seeing I was likely not to meddle with it again just yet, he added, "*It's the supper bell.*"

At the same instant, the landlord came foaming up stairs, and exclaiming, "Who is ringing our supper bell?"

Softly as a cat stealing through strange garrets, did I slink back to

the parlor, and seating myself behind the door, wait till the first effervescence of the landlord's wrath should be expended, and then, feeling by this time familiar and at home in the *bar-room* of . . . , I once more descended to this delightful spot, and elbowing my way through the crowd, made known my wants to my burly host.

The natives of these far-off prairies may be hard to find, but there are some who, though not exactly the *aboriginal inhabitants* of the country, have, nevertheless, *been raised* among the cornfields and potatoes at the far west, "right *hyur*," as they would tell you if you were to ask them where they were born. These people are not very numerous; but when once discovered, are, from their peculiar characteristics, easily distinguished, even by the most unpracticed eye. A *specimen* of this kind was lately brought into the family I am visiting, after the commencement of the sickly season, to attend to the household affairs of my friend. It is almost impossible during the prevalence of sickness, to obtain assistance either in the kitchen or the cornfield; and it was with the utmost difficulty that this *animal* had been secured and brought home.

S . . . was herself ill, and the first thing which the new girl was required to do, was to make her bed. After inhaling through her open mouth and eyes a full comprehension of the thing required of her, she set about the performance of it. The bed-clothes were removed, and, after staring for a few moments at the mattress as if it had been a "*bar*," she seized hold of it, and tumbling it about in various directions, apparently very much to her own satisfaction, laid it down again. The bed-clothes were then taken up at random, and thrown at various angles over the uneasy-looking mattress, until it would have puzzled the most skillful mathematician to designate the various curves and tangents that overhung the valence.

S. . . . was too ill to spend much breath in giving directions, but she looked on in silent amusement till the operation was completed, and the girl offered to assist her to the bed.

"But," said S. . . ., "you have put on only one sheet."

"Ma'am," said she, in a voice of wondering inquiry.

S. . . . pointed to the article, which still hung over the back of a chair, and gave her to understand that it was necessary to the completion of her arrangements.

"Wall," said the girl, planting a hand on each side, "we do n't sleep in them sort o' fixin's, and I thought there was enough without it, but if you want it on, I reckon I can spread it outside."

"No," replied S. . . ., "that is not the way *I* sleep in '*them sort o' fixin's*,' and if you will take the clothes off the bed once more, I will show you how to make it."

DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY.

A HINT FOR OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

THERE was a law in Israel, that if a man had a "stubborn and rebellious son, who would not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother," even after he had been chastised, his parents should bring him to the elders of their city, and the case being stated to them, they should convene the men of the place in the gate thereof, and have the disobedient youth stoned to death. If such a law were enforced in our large cities, executions of this kind would become an every-day affair; and, unhappily, the subjects would almost as frequently be daughters as sons. It is the injunction of God, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Honor them by loving them. Honor them by abstaining from whatever is disagreeable to them. Honor them by confiding in them. Honor them by obeying them. Honor them by doing every thing in your power to

promote their comfort and happiness. Reason sanctions this as Revelation commands it. But there are young persons who will not suffer the Bible to dictate how they shall treat their parents. Early inoculated with false notions of "independence," they look upon it as in indication of spirit and dignity to cast off the trammels of filial subjection, and to defer to their parents only so far as the views of their parents may coincide with their own. If their parents happen to be deficient in energy, and hold the reins of government with a slack hand, they will be certain to take advantage of it. With proper reverence and affection, it would be sufficient to know their wishes without waiting for commands. But a parent's wishes have little or no influence with them. Not satisfied with that deferential mode of discussing an open question, which is allowable to a child, they do not hesitate to oppose the opinions and desires of their parents with as much vehemence, and even pertness, as though they were speaking to a schoolmate. Nay, they may go so far as to set their known wishes at defiance, and act in opposition to their explicit instructions.

Now, I would be far from endorsing the wisdom and affection of all who bear the parental relation, as from attempting to vindicate all the known methods of family government. There are many unwise, and some tyrannical parents; a word about these presently. But I am supposing the too common case of children behaving in the manner just indicated, whose parents are really attached to them, and are sincerely endeavoring to promote their happiness. And I do say that habitual irreverence and disobedience toward such parents, affixes a stigma upon the reputation of a child, for which no beauty of person, no splendor of endowments, no accumulation of accomplishments can compensate. You may garnish over a character like this as you will; the core of it is

bad, radically bad. Wherever there is habitual disrespect to a kind parent, there are other evil qualities with it. It is as infallible a system of disease within as the spots which betoken the leprosy. What avails it that you are all amiableness and complaisance in company, if you can go home and treat an affectionate father or mother with sullenness or indecorum? Your real character is that which you bear at home; the other is put on for effect; you change your character as you do your dress when you go a visiting. It would be something if you bestowed your sour looks and ungracious answers upon strangers, and kept your smiles and your courtesies for the domestic circle. But your evil tempers are all reserved for those whose claims upon your reverence and affection are too strong to be repaid by a life-time of obedience.

If I could whisper a word in the ears of the young men who are casting about for a companion in the voyage of life, I would say to them, "See to it, that, before you commit yourself, you learn the character of the other party at her own fireside; and let no outward attractions ensnare you into a union with an undutiful daughter. She who is disrespectful to her parents, will, after the hey-day of marriage is over, be equally disrespectful to you. And as the tedious years go by, time will rob her of the personal charms which won your fancy, and leave you her *temper*."

You would justly charge me with partiality, if I did not add, that this counsel is equally appropriate to the other sex. Nothing but the greatest infatuation could induce a young female to ally herself with a man whom she knew to be an unkind son. That she would get a tyrant for her husband is almost as certain as her getting a husband at all. The best guarantee you can have for conjugal happiness, is in marrying a man of decided and cheerful piety. Next to this, perhaps, the surest pledge you

can have, lies in strong filial affection. The young man who loves his mother well, and cares for her comfort, will not neglect his wife. It is one of the finest eulogies pronounced in the familiar intercourse of society, when it is said of this or that man, "He is so kind to his mother!" And daughters who are wise, instead of allowing themselves to be fascinated by mere external graces or intellectual gifts, will inquire, before taking that irrevocable step, whether a suitor is "kind to his mother."

It must not be forgotten, however, that much of this irreverence for parents arises from excessive indulgence. More firmness in governing the young, would insure greater obedience and affection.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DAILY LIFE.

THE reason why we have so many crosses, trials, wrongs, and pains, is here made evident. We have not one too many for the successful culture of our faith. The great thing, and that which is most of all difficult to produce in us, is a participation of Christ's forgiving gentleness and patience. This, if we can learn it, is the most difficult and most distinctively Christian of all attainments. Therefore we need a continual discipline of occasions; poverty, misrepresentations, oppressions, persecutions; we can hardly have too many for our own good, if we only receive them as our Saviour did his cross. It is by just these refining fires of trial and suffering that we are to be most advanced in that to which we aspire.

We have not too many occasions given us for the exercise of patience; which is yet more evident when we consider the Christian power of patience. How many are there, who, by reason of poverty, obscurity, infirmity of mind or body, can never hope to do much by action, and who often sigh at the contemplation of

their want of power to effect any thing. But it is given to them, as to all, to suffer; let them only suffer well, and they will give a testimony for God which all who know them will deeply feel and profoundly respect. It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simply patience; and for just that reason we need sometimes to see its greatness alone, that we may embrace the solitary, single idea of such greatness, and bring it into our hearts unconfused with all other kinds of power. Whoever gives to the church of God such a contribution — the invalid, the cripple, the neglected and forlorn woman — every such person yields a testimony for the cross that is second in value to no other.

Let this be remembered; and let it be your joy, in every trial, and grief, and pain, and wrong you suffer — that to suffer well is to be an advocate, and apostle, and pillar of faith.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

And here, let me add, is pre-eminently the office and power of woman. Her power is to be the power most especially of gentleness and patient endurance. An office so divine, let her joyfully accept and faithfully bear — adding sweetness to life in all its exasperating and bitter experiences, causing poverty to smile, cheering the hard lot of adversity, teaching pain the way of peace, abating hostilities, and disarming injuries by the patience of her love. All the manifold conditions of human suffering and sorrow are so many occasions given to woman to prove the sublimity of true submission, and reveal the celestial power of passive goodness.

Have you never observed the immense power exerted by many Christian men and women, whose lives are passed in comparative silence? You know not how it is, they seem to be

really doing little, and yet they are felt by thousands. And the secret of this wonder is that they know how to suffer well — they are in the patience of Jesus. They will not resent evil, or think evil. They are not easily provoked; they are content with their lot, though it be a lot of poverty and affliction. They will not be envious of others. When they are wronged, they remember Christ, and forgive; when opposed and thwarted, they endure and wait. They live in an element of composure and sweetness, and can not be irritated and fretted by men.

LOST TIME.

HOW much do young ladies learn at school for which they never find any use in after life, nor is it possible, from their circumstances, they ever should! Let the hours spent on music by those who have no ear, upon drawing by those who might almost be said to have no eye, upon languages by those who never afterward speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and an aggregate of wasted time will present itself, sufficient to alarm those who are sensible of its value, and of the awful responsibility of using it aright. When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate, ignorant, and useless being called “a young lady just come from school,” it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies that she has, poor thing, just come from school! This implies that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse, or adaptation to circumstances, can be expected from her till she has had time to learn it. “Poor thing! she has just come home from school — what can you expect?” is the best commentary I can offer. — *Mrs. Ellis.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE mighty whirlpool of time, in its ever-revolving circles, has borne us in again amid the autumn-tinted glories of another year. And the bright leaves that never perish till they have arrayed themselves in a halo of departing glory, float, with their changing beauty, on the somber waters, just as our golden hopes of immortality overlies the sullen waves of death, bright with their promise of that harvest from the seed-time here which must be gathered beyond the grave. Once more we have passed together through the changing seasons of the year — the white-mantled winter has spread its cheerful bounties to our hand — the spring has sent its sweet-eyed violets up from the moist earth with their pleasant greeting, and their busy hoarding of the sunlight through the bright days, for the gladdening of those hours when the skies are draped in gloom; and the summer has led before us a gentle group of the fairest of the fair daughters of time, from the hands of each of which we might have gathered fadeless garlands if we would. Have we accepted the offered beauty, and adorned with them the gallery of the past? And now the sickle has been laid to the wheat, and the harvest is gathered, and our journey for the year is drawing to its close.

We do not frown with the frowning of November's sky. The beauty of the summer that is past, has left its cheerful light in our hearts, that will still cast its brightness about us through all the coming storms. The bright verbenas have cast their last flowers to the earth, but the memory of their beauty leaves its blessing with us still. The asters have drooped in the borders, and the glowing dahlias bent at the first whisper of the frost. Yet we bid adieu to these "fairest children of their mother Earth" with little of regret, for we know that their beauty will come again. But these are not the only blessings that the changing seasons have born from our sight. More than once our wide-spread "Home" circle has been broken in upon by the hand of Death, and its members removed to that glorious home which is eternal in the heavens. And the be-

reaved ones, although entire strangers, except as our work as journalist has made us acquainted, have written to us out of the darkness of their sorrow. Mothers, who, with a wail of anguish, have laid their babes away forever from their sight, have reached out to us for sympathy in their yearning grief, knowing that we loved the little ones. The Saviour, also, loved them, and they are folded in his bosom.

And young wives who have gone but a few years beyond their bridals, and have seen the dust heaped upon the manly forms on which they had so leaned for strength, have written to us amid the bitterness of their widowhood, and we have kept their tear-stained letters, as we always keep those flowers — however withered — that bear for us some never-to-be-forgotten memory. We thank them that they have turned to us. We are glad to know that our pen can win for us this trusting sympathy from the sad and suffering.

There are many of our "Home" circle, too, who have sent us words of good cheer and encouragement during the year. We may not have been able to make them any response, but we have thanked them none the less cordially for their application and co-operation in the work that we do. We do not know whether it is common for all journalists to identify themselves so fully with those for whom they write, but to us it is one of the chief enjoyments we have in our work.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

"In one of our New England States," says a writer, "I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law, that, in every case, the child is a very faithful copy of his parents. The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birth-day to the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know or think it probable, he has never swallowed a drop of ardent spirits in his life. Though in good and

sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His head is always upon his breast, and his speech is of that peculiar character which marks a person in a very low stage of intoxication. If, nevertheless, in the midst of his mutterings and reelings, something is said to him in a way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a common tippler, and gives proof enough that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him, and, I may add, he is not only pitied for his misfortune, but in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell, till he shall pass from the present state of existence to another.

"Now, as I understand the law of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual ever born, is governed by the same principle which caused him to be what he is. Prior to marriage, his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet-spirited being, who, but a few months before, had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling. One night, when he was supposed to be the most unimpeachable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment, and fell down on the floor in a state of wretched inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When, at the end of that period, it was told him that he was 'the husband of a mother,' he reeled and staggered on without much abatement.

"Months passed away; but there occurred no change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of the child. When it was three months old, there began to be strange spec-

ulations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of his strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul, 'My child is a natural drunkard!' She shrieked aloud; and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, 'Dear husband, our little George is a—' She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

"From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his boy's eyes and heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and of wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright, and beautiful, and lovely, except only the one whose destiny was thus blasted."

RECIPES.

UNBOLTED WHEAT BREAD.—To five pounds of flour well mixed with nearly a table-spoonful of salt, add a cup and a half of yeast, a cup of molasses, and about a pint of warm water.

Unbolted wheat bread is more wholesome than bolted wheat. It should be upon every table, and eaten at least a part of the time.

CORN MEAL BREAD.—Sprinkle a little salt over a quart of sifted Indian meal, mix it with scalding water, stir it well. Bake it on a board before the fire, or on a tin in a stove. It may be eaten warm, but no bread should ever be eaten hot.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKES.—One quart of sifted Indian meal, four large spoonfuls of wheat flour, a quart of new milk, four eggs well beaten, and a little salt. Bake them on a soapstone griddle. (*Corn meal deteriorates in the air sooner than wheat.*)

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—Take four

quarts of sifted Indian meal, sprinkle a table-spoonful of salt over it, pour upon it two quarts of boiling water, and be careful that all the meal is thoroughly wet. When lukewarm, mix in two quarts of rye meal, two table-spoonfuls of yeast, well soaked in a pint of warm water; add more water if necessary, as Indian meal absorbs a great deal of water. Put it into a large, buttered pan; smooth the top by dipping the hand in warm water, and patting down the loaf. In winter it may be placed in a warm place to rise, but not near the fire in summer. When it begins to crack upon the top, which will be in about two hours and a half, put it into a well-heated oven, and let it bake three or four hours. Indian meal should be well cooked.

Some persons use sweet milk instead of water, but the bread will not keep so well in summer. Some persons prefer the corn and rye meal in the proportions of half and half.

Rye forms a nutritive bread, though inferior in this respect to wheat. It produces a laxative effect upon the system. Rice has the opposite tendency. A mixture of seventy-five per cent. of rye with twenty-five of rice forms a good bread, free from the defects of both.

CORN MEAL CAKES.—To one cup of cream add a quart of new milk and a tea-spoonful of salt, half a cup of sugar, and four eggs; beat in enough fine Indian meal to make stiff batter, and bake in pans half an hour.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Boil a quart of milk, and scald with it as much corn meal as will make a thick mush. (Yellow meal needs more boiling than white.) When it is partially cooled, stir in a table-spoonful of dry yeast or half a cup of wet yeast, three well-beaten eggs, a tea-spoonful

of salt, and two table-spoonfuls of wheat flour. Let it stand three or four hours, and bake on a hot soapstone griddle rubbed with salt. (It will be necessary to rub the griddle with the salted rag between every griddle-full of cakes, to prevent burning.) Yellow meal is the best.

MUFFINS.—Warm a quart of new milk, and stir in two cups of rich cream; add four eggs well beaten, a table-spoonful of salt, a cup of yeast, or a table-spoonful of well-soaked dry yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat it well with a spoon, and let it rise for six hours. Fill the muffin rings half full of the mixture, and bake them about twenty minutes.—*Mrs. Mann's Cook Book.*

SWEET PICKLE CUCUMBER AND MUSKMELON.—Take two pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves, one of cinnamon, to one pint of vinegar; boil together and skim; then take ripe cucumbers, pare, take out the pulp, cut them into strips one inch thick, throw them into cold water a few moments, then add them to the pickle, and boil until clear, or you can stick a quill through. For muskmelons, take them just as they ripen, before they get mellow, and prepare them the same as cucumbers. When done, put into stone jars, cover tight, and set in a cool place, and you will have a delicious pickle ready at all times.

CORN OYSTERS.—Take a dozen ears of corn, (the white flour corn is the best,) grate it off the cob, add to it one pint of new milk, two tea-spoonfuls of ground pepper, one of salt, a tea-cup of flour; stir together, and fry them small in hot butter as griddle cakes. Send them to the table hot and covered. To be eaten with butter. Good at any meal, but fine for tea, and very much resembling oysters.—*Ohio Cultivator.*